The Outlook

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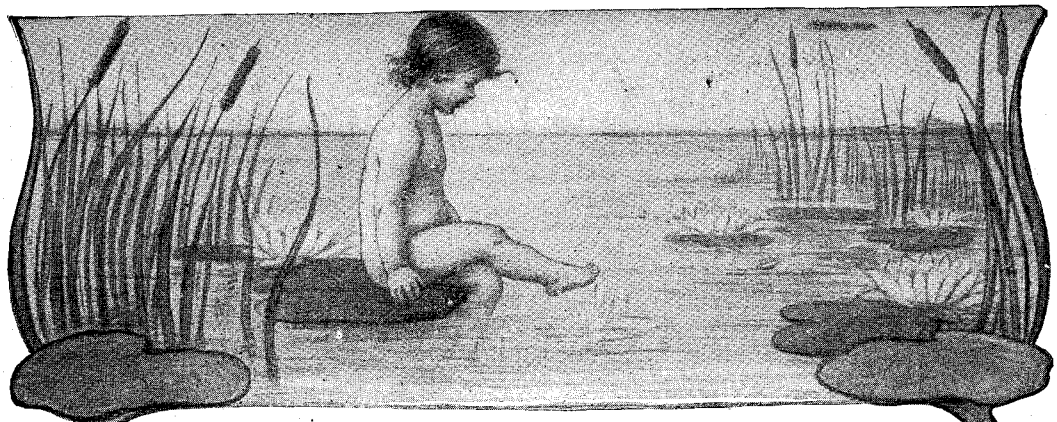

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904

The Seizures in the Red Sea

The chief interest of the world in the Russo-Japanese war has been transferred during the last week from Manchuria to the Red Sea. Two Russian steamers have been cruising in the Red Sea, and stopping, searching, and, in two or three instances, seizing, the steamers of neutral powers. In one case the mails were taken from a German steamer, and, after some hours of retention and examination, returned. Whether any contraband matter was found in the mail does not clearly appear from the cable reports, nor whether the Japanese mails were retained or not. Two English steamers have been seized and taken as prizes, one of them, the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Malacca, which contained arms and munition of war, apparently supposed by the Russian cruiser to be intended for Japan, but affirmed by English authorities to belong to the English Government, and to bear, in the broad arrow mark of the department, the evidence of governmental ownership. A Hamburg-American Line steamer has also been seized as a prize; the ground for this seizure the reports do not indicate. A third ship, owned in Great Britain, *en route* from New York to Manila, and containing some supplies which would be contraband of war if intended for Japan, but avowedly intended for Manila, not for any Japanese port, and said to be consigned to the United States Government at Manila, has also been seized. The United States Government is not, however, involved in this seizure, since the ship is owned in Great Britain. So far as we can judge from the published reports, there is very little ground for believing that either the Peninsular and Oriental or the Hamburg-American Line steamer contained matter contraband of war. These seizures have occasioned great excitement both in Germany and in England, and might easily have involved Russia in war with those powers, had the governments not been more conservative than the people and the press. As the result of diplomatic negotiations, it is reported at the present writing, that orders have been sent to the Russian vessels to refrain from further interference with foreign shipping, and that the two steamers taken as prizes, one English and the other German, will be returned to their owners, a previous inspection of the cargo having been made under the supervision of the consuls of the English, German, and Russian countries. If palpable contraband of war intended for the Japanese should be found, it will, of course, be confiscated; but even in this case, it is said, the ships will be released.

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The Question Involved

Although the right to search neutral ships for contraband of war is not denied, the action of Russia has been resented both in Germany and England, partly because of the methods pursued in the seizures, partly from the character of the vessels making the seizures, and partly from distrust of the impartiality of Russian courts. In the case of two of the three steamers seized there appears, from the newspaper reports, to be no real reason for thinking that there was any contraband of war on board. Both the Peninsula and Oriental Company and the Hamburg-American Line are said to have given explicit orders against taking shipments of contraband goods. More important is the objection brought that the Russian ships are not men-of-war and have no right to exercise the functions of men-of-war. They belong to the "Volunteer Fleet." In Russia, as in England, the United States, and other countries, there are certain merchant steamers which the

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government has a right to take at any time for military service and transform into naval vessels. Such were the St. Paul and the St. Louis, employed by our Government as cruisers in the Spanish war. By treaty with the Great Powers it is agreed that no naval vessels shall pass through the Dardanelles; so that neither can Russia send out men-of-war to threaten the commerce of the Mediterranean, nor English or other European Powers send into the Black Sea men-of-war to threaten Russian ports. The two Russian vessels now in the Red Sea came out as merchantmen, and received their commissions as men-of-war after they had passed the Dardanelles. German and English authorities take the ground that they are either merchantmen or naval vessels; if the latter, they had no right to come through the Dardanelles, the treaty against the passage of the Dardanelles being devised to guard against just such action as the present; if they are merchant vessels they have no right to perform the functions of men-of-war; and some of the newspapers go so far as to claim that they are pirates, which is, perhaps, a logical conclusion, but would hardly be adopted literally by the courts. A third ground of protest, felt, though not very definitely expressed, is the distrust of Russian courts. There is no international definition of contraband. Russia includes in this category many articles which most nations do not, or which they allow to be contraband only when the circumstances indicate that they are specially intended to aid the military forces of a combatant; such are coal, naphtha, telegraphic and telephonic machinery, and breadstuffs. This difference of definition, and a general distrust of the judicial fairness of Russian courts, have intensified the popular feeling, in both Germany and England, against Russia. The shippers of those countries are naturally unwilling to have all their trade with the far East subject to supervision by Russia, and Russia left sole judge of the question to what extent, and under what conditions, that trade may be carried on. This incident may, for the immediate present, be regarded closed by the concession of Russia; but it is greatly to be hoped that it will lead to some international agreement as to what is contraband of war; to the acceptance of the American contention that mails shall be exempt from seizure; and, perhaps, eventually to some agreement by which the questions arising out of the search of neutral vessels on the high seas may be determined by or under the Hague Tribunal, instead of by the prize court of the nation making the capture.

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The Law of The Case

It is probable that enterprising merchants, both English and German, have been shipping goods to Japan in considerable quantities since the Russo-Japanese war began. There is nothing immoral in this, and, strictly speaking, nothing illegal. International law is simply international custom. It has not the authority of national law, for the latter is an act of sovereignty, so that disobedience to it is a kind of disloyalty. International custom forbids any neutral nation, in time of war, to give aid to either of the warring nations; to do so is itself an act of war. But citizens of neutral nations may ship what articles they please to either or both the warring nations at their own risk. Either of the warring nations may stop and seize contraband goods *in transitu* and confiscate them, and the shipper has no cause of complaint, and no recourse for damages even to his own government. It is evident that there must be some tribunal to decide whether the goods so seized were really on their way to one of the combatants, and whether, if so, they are articles which can be used by the combatant to aid him in the war; for only such articles as are adapted to give aid to the nation in its war are contraband of war. Munitions of war clearly are contraband; books clearly are not—unless a military treatise might be an exception. The court to decide these questions is a court of the nation which makes the capture. The vessel suspected of carrying articles contraband of war is taken before this court, and if it decides against the shipper he has no appeal. In other words,

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after war has broken out between two powers, any merchant who ships goods to either of the combatants does so at the risk of having them captured and declared contraband of war by the captor. The right of the combatants to capture goods contraband of war *in transitu* involves necessarily the right to stop and search any neutral vessel on the high seas for contraband goods, and to take any vessel found carrying such goods as a prize, subject to the decisions of the prize court. If it exercises this right in too high-handed a manner, it is always liable to be called to account by the offended nation; and this is generally found to be an adequate safeguard. The danger to English and German merchants engaged in shipping contraband goods to Japan has, however, hitherto been very slight, because the Eastern seas were practically controlled by the Japanese navy, and Russia had no available ships of war in European waters. It is safe to presume, therefore, that the contraband trade has been a very considerable one, and this fact, coupled with Russia's disastrous experience in the East, has probably irritated her into pursuing a course which she is now compelled to abandon.

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Another Raid by the Russian Cruisers

English resentment against Russia is likely, however, again to be excited by the report of the destruction of a British steamship, the Knight Commander. The Russian cruisers some time last week left Vladivostok on another of the bold sea raids which have been the most notable features of the Russian sea strategy in this war. This time the three cruisers, instead of sailing south toward the Korean Strait as before, sailed directly east, passed through the Tsugaru Strait, between the two great Japanese Islands, Yezo and Hondo, and came south along the eastern coast of Hondo. On Monday of this week they were sighted twenty miles off Katsugura, which is not very far from Yokohama. From the last-named place the news was sent the same day that the Russian ships had sunk the Knight Commander, said to hail from New York, and to have transferred her crew to a Japanese steamship, detaining her European passengers. It is rumored that the Russians also captured another British vessel and a German ship, and sank two Japanese sailing vessels. From London it is stated that the Knight Commander carried no munitions of war, but had a general cargo for Japan. Some apprehension is felt that the trans-Pacific passenger steamship Korea, now due at Yokohama, may be captured. While it is recognized that warships, situated as are these Russian cruisers, may take more extreme measures in destroying an enemy's merchant ships after capture than if it were possible to take them into port, there seems on the face of it no justification for the destruction of a neutral vessel carrying ordinary cargo, even although that be contraband as destined for the enemy. The Russian ships are three in number, are fast ships, and are fine armored cruisers; their bold raids form a strong argument for the value in war of this type of war vessel.——The campaign in Manchuria remains puzzling, and the Russians confess that the Japanese movements leave them in doubt as to where the heavy blow soon to be expected is to be struck. The Japanese policy seems to be to make slight advances first on the road to Liaoyang, then on the eastern road to Mukden, and finally on that to Haicheng. The Russians still hold Niuchuang, but early this week it was reported that the Japanese were advancing upon that place and had defeated the Russians east of Tachekiao.

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France and the Vatican

A strained situation, which may not improbably result in a dissolution of the Concordat, exists between France and the Vatican. Under the terms of the Concordat both the appointment and dismissal of French bishops are made dependent upon an agreement between the Pope and the French Government. Now the Vatican has called for the resignation of the bishops of Laval and Dijon and ordered them to repair to Rome to meet certain charges. It is asserted in France that this action of the Vatican is due to the fact that the French bishops obeyed their

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own government in the affair of the closing of the schools controlled by the religious orders. The bishops appealed to the French Government and were directed to disregard the order of the Vatican. This raised a direct question of authority, and the interchange of messages between Rome and Paris has not improved the situation. The position of the Vatican, as outlined in dispatches of last week, apparently inspired, was that M. Combes's position was based not on the Concordat itself, but upon the so-called "organic articles" which constitute an explanation of the Concordat, made by the French Government, and which were never acknowledged by the Holy See. Moreover, the Pope holds that, until actual punishment has been inflicted upon a bishop, France cannot interfere under M. Delcassé's own theory, which does not go as far as does that of the Premier. The Vatican declares that it will proceed in the cases, and if the bishops refuse to appear, will suspend them. Meanwhile something very like an ultimatum has been sent to Rome in the form of a note from M. Delcassé, threatening to break off all relations between France and the Vatican unless the letters calling for the resignations of the bishops is at once withdrawn. The whole affair shows a growing desire on the part of France—within the church as well as in official circles—to escape the dictation of Rome in national questions of church government; and some observers believe it quite possible that the absolute disestablishment of the Church in France may not be far distant. We believe that such disestablishment would relieve both Church and State of serious difficulty and would give to the institutions of religion in France a great renewal of moral strength.

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Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission

Mr. Chamberlain's tariff commission has reported on the iron and steel trades of Great Britain, and, in accordance with general expectation, finds their condition to be backward and primarily due to free trade. The main facts set forth are, that the decline of these, in comparison with other British industries, results from the stringent protection enjoyed by rival manufacturing nations, who, while controlling their own markets, have so organized production that they are able to "dump" their surplus on the British market regardless of cost. This refers especially to the manufacturers of the United States and Germany. The report denies that exports have declined because of British natural disadvantages or from lack of skill or enterprise on the part of British manufacturers or workmen, and makes a pivotal distinction between the decrease in exports to foreign markets and the increase in colonial markets, where lower or preferential tariffs prevail. Another point is, that although British trade with the colonies is increasing, yet, in the colonial markets, some foreign countries are relatively gaining on Great Britain. The "dumping" practice is charged against the system of free imports, and, accordingly, a revision of that system for the purpose of checking "dumping" is urged, and also such further measures as would increase foreign trade, gain a secure foothold in colonial markets, and increase the employment of workmen.

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The Specific Recommendations

The changes recommended as a remedy for existing conditions in the iron and steel trades are doubtless intended to outline the general fiscal plan which Mr. Chamberlain has prepared. The commission reports that all desirable objects can be obtained by a tariff system graded according to the treatment meted out to Great Britain by foreign countries: that is to say, a general or moderate tariff, consisting of a low scale of duties for foreign countries admitting British goods on fair terms; a preferential tariff, lower than the preceding, for the colonies, giving adequate preference to British manufactures, and framed to secure freer trade within the British empire; and a maximum tariff, consisting of comparatively higher duties, but subject to reduction by negotiation to the level of the general tariff. It will thus be seen that almost every variety of tariff weapon, of offense as well as of defense, is provided by this

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scheme, and that it is specially designed to interest and attract the self-governing colonies. Although it cannot be said that it was framed especially to please Canada, it so closely resembles the tariff system resolved upon recently by the Dominion Government that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends may at least be regarded as approving the Canadian plan and accepting it as the best solution of the imperial problem. What Canada has resolved to do to protect herself against "dumping," and to give reciprocity or retaliation according as the case may demand, Mr. Chamberlain endorses and adopts as a scheme for the whole empire. It remains to be seen whether he will make sufficient progress in the British constituencies to justify hope of success. So far the electoral record is against him. A large majority of the by-elections held since his attitude was avowed have been adverse, and even in the Liberal-Unionist successes the majorities were largely reduced. He relies, therefore, upon a persistent campaign of education, which has ample pecuniary support from the manufacturing interest, and upon the support of the self-governing colonies, all of which have practically indorsed his scheme. Unquestionably he has so put the case that his opponents may have to meet the charge of ignoring the imperial point of view; and if they fall back upon sentiment alone as the bond of empire, he can retort that the colonies have not failed in sentiment, while at the same time they are justifiably actuated by a keen sense of practical advantage. The fact remains, however, that his recommendations are futile without the support of the British people of the home islands, and at present the outlook is against him.

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Lynching Outdistanced by Law

The contention that lynching is not altogether an outbreak of savagery but is a violent protest against the law's delay has been illustrated by the treatment recently accorded three negroes in New Jersey, and the consequent mollification of public indignation. On July 6 a woman in a New Jersey town not far from Philadelphia was criminally assaulted and her house robbed. Public indignation against the miscreants at once broke out. A crowd of men searched the neighborhood. Within two days three negroes were apprehended and identified as the assailants. There were threats of lynching; but firm action on the part of the police, and assurances from officials that the offenders would be speedily tried, averted violence. Within nine days after the commission of the crime the men were tried, and, upon plea of guilty, were each sentenced to forty-nine years' imprisonment. The fact that they had broken into a house, committed robbery, and resisted arrest, enabled the judge to give a sentence of this length. Such speedy dealing out of justice cannot always be duplicated, because prisoners will not always plead guilty; but in this case it was made possible, at least, by the prompt and decisive action of the legal authorities. Were every case of criminal assault taken in hand with like swiftness, the mob could no longer presume to be the protector of women. It remains for the legislatures of the several States to enact laws that will insure swift and decisive action in all such cases.

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Are They Both Democrats?

The motto "Politics makes strange bed fellows" has rarely had a more striking illustration than in the messages of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Bryan to the American people issued during the last week. Mr. Cleveland's article in "Collier's Weekly" says that "forbidding portents were seen in the Democratic sky when a platform deliverance intended to pass as a recognition and approval of the gold standard was rejected after discussion in the platform committee, leaving no substituted expression of any kind in its place;" and, as a consequence, "trepidation and disappointment . . . immediately supervened among the masses of the expectant Democracy." But "at this critical moment the sun appeared and scattered every evil portent;" "a leader came to the Democratic hosts;" and "while the Democratic rank and file trembled and waited, the voice of this quiet, reserved, and able man rang out

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above all convention clamor, drowning the roisterous hum of convention diplomacy," and giving his message "in tones of authority and leadership." As a result of the despatch of Mr. Parker, confirmed by the subsequent vote of approval by the Convention, 774 to 191, "the National Democracy enters upon the campaign, not in gloom and fear, but in hope and confidence." Mr. Bryan passes lightly over this episode, or this revolution in the Democratic party—for what Mr. Cleveland regards as a revolution Mr. Bryan regards as an episode. It is true that "the money question is for the present in abeyance," because "while bimetallism is as sound in theory as it ever was, the necessity for it is not so apparent. . . . But while the people cannot be brought, at this time, to consider the various phases of the money question, they can be brought to consider certain other questions with which the Democratic party must deal." Official leadership, Mr. Bryan says, forbade him to "engraft new doctrines upon the party creed;" but he is now at liberty, and he exhibits the new graft. He advocates ownership of the railroads by the States, for "the several States can own and operate the railroads within their borders just as effectively as it can be done by the Federal Government, and if it is done by the States the objection, based upon the fear of centralization, is entirely answered;" the inclusion of a telegraphic system in the Post Office Department, and the adoption of an income tax, we judge, by the Federal Government. What he would do with the Supreme Court decision that such a tax is unconstitutional, he does not say. He argues for the popular election of Federal judges for a limited term. He regards the impending election as not very important: "A single election is but an incident in the life of a party." But he approves the election of Mr. Parker, because, "if Mr. Parker is elected his Administration will rid us of imperialism and of the threat of a race issue and give us greater freedom in the taking up of economic questions." Mr. Cleveland advocates the election of Mr. Parker *because* of his telegram on the money question, which the Convention, in its reply to Judge Parker, says "is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign." Mr. Bryan agrees with the Convention that the money question is not a possible issue in this campaign, and he, therefore, advocates the election of Judge Parker, *notwithstanding* his telegram on that question.

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Mr. Folk's Nomination

The fact that in the Missouri Democratic Convention, Mr. Folk, on the first ballot, received 549 votes as against 160 for his two opponents, Mr. Hawes and Mr. Reed, was not only a personal triumph but an unmistabable endorsement of his fight against the corruptionists. In his acceptance Mr. Folk said: "I don't want harmony with the corrupt elements. With them, if I have my way, there will be perpetual discord. If I cannot be elected by honest votes I do not want to be elected at all." The platform, also, in so many words, denounced bribe-takers and bribe-givers, invites them to leave the State, and offers them "shelter in the penitentiary if they remain." Laws are favored repealing franchises gained by bribery; making it a felony not to disclose knowledge of bribery; making it a felony, instead of a misdemeanor, as now, to solicit a bribe; and making professional lobbying in the Legislature illegal. Mr. Folk, before his nomination, declared in explicit terms that he would have all corruptionists prosecuted; would, if necessary, conduct, in person, inquiry into any reported illegal combinations in the Legislature; and would even prosecute legislators using free passes, so long as the law forbade the practice. It will be remembered that Mr. Folk made a similar statement of his intention to prosecute corruptionists when he was made District-Attorney, and it was received by the politicians as mere buncombe; they were soon undeceived, and some of them may be again. Gratifying as is the action of the Missouri Democracy, it is, in some minds, clouded by the nomination of Mr. Cook as Secretary of State, and Mr. Allen as Auditor. While no personal charge is made against these gentlemen as regards honesty and effi-

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ciency, and both are popular men, it is said that both have been political enemies of Mr. Folk, and represent those who have striven to break him down in his work. The day before their nomination the St. Louis "Republic" said: "Their nomination would be a victory of anti-Folk forces; would disappoint the people and discourage the hopes raised by the fight against bad influences in government." It thus appears that, in a measure, the State ticket was a compromise; but none the less the leading candidate and the platform present an admirable and clear stand for good government.

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What the Missouri Republicans Should do

In our judgment the Republicans in Missouri could render no better service to the country and none better to the Republican party, than to nominate Mr. Folk on a platform explicitly condemning all forms of corruption, and put on the ticket with him men whose character and reputation would be a guarantee that, if they were elected, Mr. Folk would have a hearty and courageous support in his prosecution of the corruptionists in the State. It would render good service to the country, because it would be emphatic and significant notice to corrupt politicians everywhere that the people regard the question whether government shall be honestly administered as the paramount issue, whenever and wherever and however it is raised. It ought, with all thinking and patriotic citizens, to supersede all other issues. Something can be said for absolute monarchy, for it at least enables the world to know where the responsibility for government belongs; something for aristocracy, because it is an endeavor, in form if not in fact, to secure, by a process of material selection, the best men in the community, and intrust the government to them; something for democracy, because it is educative, and the people will learn from their own blunders. But there is nothing to be said for plutocracy, which is government by the corrupt instruments of corrupting wealth. There is no value in a popular election if the elected officials are permitted, with impunity, to sell their legislative votes and their executive acts. Such indorsement of Mr. Folk by the Republicans of Missouri would render good service to the National party because it would be formal notice to the public that that party puts honesty of service in public life above all party policies and the problem of maintaining public honesty above all political problems. If the Republican party in Missouri makes a party nomination, our advice, if we could reach Missouri Republicans with our voice, would be to cut the ticket and vote for Mr. Folk, no matter how excellent a nominee his competitor may be. The larger the vote for Mr. Folk the more emphatic the country will regard Missouri's condemnation of the corruptionists; every vote against him, however well intentioned, will lessen the moral effect of that condemnation.

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Butchers' Strike Settled and Reopened

The strike of the butcher workmen in the principal packing houses of the country was settled last week by an agreement to arbitrate, and was declared on again two hours after the men appeared to take back their old places. The severing of relations after peace had once been agreed upon naturally intensified the feeling between the parties, and added greatly to the gravity of the situation. The settlement was brought about by the mediation of the teamsters, firemen, and mechanical tradesmen employed about the stockyards in Chicago who had not joined in the strike. It was understood, however, that these workers were likely to go out in sympathy, unless the packers should come to an agreement with the butcher workmen. At a conference, closing on Wednesday evening of last week, a plan of settlement was decided upon that appeared to be satisfactory to both sides. All questions as to wages and working conditions were to be submitted to arbitration, pending the award, the men to return to work at the wages prevailing when they struck. The companies, while reserving the right to retain employes whom they had taken on during the strike, were to take back their old employes as fast as possible, without

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discrimination, any former employee not re-employed within forty-five days from date of resumption of work, to have the privilege of submitting his or her case to arbitration on the question of discrimination, decision of arbitrators to govern. On Friday morning the strikers reported for work at the various plants. Only about half of them were put to work, and union leaders claimed that the foremen in making selections discriminated against active union men, and in some cases were personally offensive. The result was that many even of those selected for work refused to go back. Early in the morning President Donnelly, of the union, ordered a general cessation of work, and sent telegrams to the packing centers outside of Chicago calling out the men who had started back to work, charging that the packers had violated their agreements. The packers, later in the day, issued a statement in which they said they could not be expected to resume work with a full force the first day. Donnelly, it was said, was "too quick on the trigger." The packers declared that if he had brought the complaints to their attention at once, and before reopening the strike, the difficulties might have been smoothed over. But the strike was on again, and efforts to bring about another settlement were immediately resumed. Saturday forenoon the negotiations were broken off with the refusal of the packers to accept the ultimatum of the men that all strikers, both skilled and unskilled, be reinstated within ten days, and that all the skilled hog and cattle butchers be taken back inside of forty-eight hours. On Sunday the joint council of the teamsters declined to order their men out, and appointed a committee to visit the packers and try to bring about a settlement. Hundreds of the other employees, however, spontaneously left their work during the negotiation, and, finally, the "allied trades" decreed a general sympathetic strike. This controversy demonstrates anew that the proper time to arbitrate labor disputes is before the strike occurs. At no time after the representatives of the strikers and the packers came together was there difficulty of reaching an agreement to settle the controversy by arbitration, except upon issues raised by the strike itself. Both sides were willing to arbitrate all questions relating to wages and working conditions, that is, all questions in controversy before the men actually quit work. But the company would not agree to discharge the men it had hired during the strike or to take back all who had quit. It was over this disputed point, raised by the strike itself, that agreement upon a plan of settlement by arbitration was so long delayed, and it was over this point that the agreement made went to pieces as soon as the strikers started to resume work.

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Is the Closed Shop Illegal?

A decision which, if ultimately sustained by the court of last resort, will be far-reaching in its effect, was recently rendered by Judge Ludwig, of the Circuit Court of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, who held, in dissolving a temporary injunction secured by a labor union, that contracts between such unions and employers, prohibiting the employment of any but union workmen, are void, under the common law. The immediate ground assigned for the decision lay in the fact that the contract in question, which had been entered into by a merchant tailor and the local tailor's union, was void "for want of mutuality." It was simply made obligatory upon the merchant tailor to employ union labor only; the union was not required to furnish union tailors "or to do or permit anything to be done, whatsoever, in consideration of the promise of the defendants." Judge Ludwig, however, goes farther and says that such a contract is also void, because against public policy, as its tendency is to compel workmen to become members of a union under penalty of being deprived of their means of livelihood, and is, therefore, contrary to the spirit of our free institutions. On this point he says:

"In the general consideration of the subject, it must be premised that the organization, or co-operation, of workingmen is not against any public policy. Indeed, it must be regarded as having the sanction of law, when it is for such legitimate purposes as that of obtaining an advance in the rate of

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wages or compensation, or of maintaining such rate, or any of the other purposes stated in plaintiff's complaint. It is proper and praiseworthy, and perhaps falls within that general view of human society which perceives an underlying law, that men should unite to achieve that which each by himself cannot achieve, or can achieve less readily. But the social principle which justifies such organizations is departed from when they are so extended in their operation as either to injure, or to accomplish injury to others. Public policy and the interest of society favor the utmost freedom in the citizen to pursue his lawful trade or calling; and if the purpose of an organization or combination of workingmen be to hamper or restrict that freedom, and, through contract or arrangement with employers, to coerce other workingmen to become members of the organization, and to come under its rules and conditions under the penalty of loss of their position and deprivation of employment, then that purpose seems clearly unlawful, and militates against the spirit of our government and the nature of our institutions."

The judge adds that the accomplishment of such a purpose would conflict with that principle of public policy which prohibits monopolies and exclusive privileges, and would tend to deprive the public of the services of men in useful employment and capacities, in support of which opinion he quotes the case of Christensen *versus* the People of the State of Illinois, where a similar ruling was made on the ground of class discrimination and the danger of monopolies. The reader will observe that these statements of the judge are in the nature of *obiter dicta;* that is, they are opinions not necessary to the decision of the case. Mutuality is essential to a contract, and it would seem that the want of mutuality in this case was quite sufficient to render this contract void. If so, the other questions as to the legality of the contract were not directly involved. We wish that the question whether a contract to employ only the members of a particular union is valid, might be carried to the United States Supreme Court in a case involving no other question.

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Commercial Education The report of a committee to consider the question of the future of private business schools, submitted to the Private Commercial School Managers' Association, which recently met at St. Louis, has reached us. It consists mainly of letters from men of various occupations who are intimately acquainted with modern business life in America, one of them being Mr. Cortelyou, lately Secretary of Commerce and Labor. As the committee points out, these letters agree in certain conclusions: that the private business school has been a pioneer in commercial education, since it has been free to adjust itself to the demands of business life, and, therefore, has been quick to devise methods in response to those demands; that it has eliminated from its course subjects and methods not essential to immediate usefulness in commercial life; and that it will continue to find, in a certain element of the American people, which is either not favorably disposed or not intellectually adapted to broader academic education, an increasing patronage. In considering this subject one should bear in mind the distinction between two conceptions of education. According to the one, education is to develop character in the large sense which includes the cultivation of mental powers; according to the other, education is to impart, through instruction, a certain skill or efficiency. These two conceptions are not necessarily conflicting, but in every educational institution one of the two conceptions is dominant. The business school is adapted to the second conception; it should be measured by the standards of that conception; it is a sort of trade school; its success depends upon its ability to give to its pupils skill or efficiency. It is interesting to note that statistics show a larger proportion than ever of college graduates who are going into business. This indicates that business concerns to-day value more highly than ever the man who is not merely skillful, but also morally and intellectually cultivated.

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Church Comity and Creedlessness The comity of churches of which so much is now heard, should exist, if anywhere, between established churches, which recognize the same sovereign as their temporal head. That this is not as it should be, is a serious grievance of

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the Established Church of Scotland. Its Assembly, recently dissolved by the Lord High Commissioner in the name of the King, used strong language about a recent order issued by the authorities of the Established Church of England, regarding the use of its consecrated edifices in India, by clergymen on duty in garrisons. Scottish Presbyterians are to be interdicted from administering the Communion therein—a rule characterized by Principal Story as a deplorable piece of superstition and fanaticism. Equally surprising, though in a very different way, is the announcement by a speaker in the same Assembly, of the satisfaction he found in the fact that, in the view of many the Church of Scotland has now become "a creedless church." This construction has been put on the resolution adopted by the Assembly last year, and reaffirmed this year by refusal to rescind it, whereby the confession is allowed to be subscribed to with "reserve"—a reserve which, indefinitely attached to the Confession entire, is of equal force in every part of it.

Political Temperaments

We have long been convinced that denominations in the Church are due far more to difference of temperament than to difference of opinion. This is equally true of parties in the State. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that the differences of opinion are due to difference of temperament. Religion affects every interest in life and every faculty in man. There are, therefore, many religious temperaments. Politics affects directly one interest and one form of activity—the governmental. There are naturally but two great political temperaments, though modified by a variety of motives, and therefore manifesting themselves in a variety of forms. It is not easy to define these temperaments with accuracy, but their opposing tendencies can be generically described. One is progressive, the other conservative, one bold, the other cautious, one constructive, the other critical, one enterprising, the other circumspect, one eager to attempt new ventures, the other resolute to resist hazardous experiments; one creating new precedents, the other holding fast to ancient traditions, one fulfilling the function of the engine, the other that of the safety-brake, one that of the weights in the clock, the other that of the pendulum; the first, unchecked by the conservation of the second, gives the French Revolution, the second, unbalanced by the progressiveness of the first, gives the Bourbonism of mediaeval Spain.

At the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, the men of the first temper were individualists. They lived in an age in which men were bound hand and foot by laws and customs, and society was ruled by precedents and traditions. The men of audacious temper were eager to loose man and let him go. They wished to annul the ancient laws and customs and emancipate the individual who was bound hand and foot by these grave-clothes of a dead past. They had seen government obstructing human development, hindering social progress, forbidding free thought; and they believed, therefore, in lessening the powers of government in order to increase the power of the individual. On the other hand, the men of conservative temper were opposed to individualism. What the progressives regarded as a fetter, the conservatives regarded as a leading-string; and they feared to cut the leading-string lest the child should fall.

These conditions have now been reversed. In our time the man of progressive temper is an advocate of organization, the man of conservative temper is an individualist. The temperament has remained the same, but the method of its operation and the political principle which it advocates have changed. Individual liberty is established. The laws which restrained it are destroyed; the customs which forbade its free development are dissolved. The individual has the liberty to labor when he pleases, as he pleases, for whom he pleases; to travel when he likes; to eat and wear what he wishes; to think his own thoughts and to give to them free expression. But while this liberty is by law accorded to him, to make that real

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which law makes only nominal requires collective action. Real liberty for the laborer requires labor organization; real liberty of travel requires governmental control of the instruments of travel; real liberty in food, clothing, and home requires law to guard against disease and death, threatened by conditions of modern society; real liberty to speak and teach effectively requires organization, educational and religious.

The same demand for free human development which inspired a passionate resistance to the Inquisition in all its forms, and a passionate agitation for freedom of religious opinion, now inspires a passionate devotion to a public school system, organized, maintained, and controlled by the public acting in its collective capacity. Thus in our time the progressive temperament and the collective temperament are united in one and the same individual. The same spirit which made the New York "Evening Post," in the days of Alexander Hamilton, the representative of collectivism, makes it in this twentieth century the exponent of individualism.

For, not to go back of 1850, it can hardly be doubted that for the last half century the Republican party has represented the eager, progressive, bold temper; the Democratic party the wary, conservative, cautious temper. The Republican party has, therefore, been the party of achievement, the Democratic party the party of criticism. One has managed the engine, the other has manned the brakes. This is not saying that the first is to be credited with all that has been accomplished of national progress in the last half century. For true national progress is dependent upon the interaction of these two forces. The one temperament is as necessary to the prosperity, aud even the permanence, of the Nation as the other. It is not saying that all Republicans have been men of courage, or all Democrats men of caution. Leading Republicans have opposed almost every act of the Republican party, and leading Democrats have been found supporting the boldest measures of the Republican party. But the two organizations, by their party action and their party declarations, have represented almost uniformly, one the progressive temperament, the other the conservative temperament; one has been bold to the point of audacity, the other has been cautious and critical, to the point of timidity.

When the Southern States seceded, the Republican party affirmed the constitutional right of the Federal Government to coerce a State; the Democratic party denied the right. After four years of fighting the Democratic party affirmed that they had been "four years of failure;" the Republican party through its elected President declared that the progress of the attempted coercion was "reasonably satisfactory to all." The Republican party affirmed the right and the power of the Federal Government to declare the emancipation of the slaves as a war measure; the Democratic party opposed emancipation by the Federal Government, either with or without compensation. The Republican party affirmed the constitutional power of the Federal Government to issue irredeemable paper money; the Democratic party denied that this was either constitutionally right or financially practicable. The Republican party framed and enacted the legislation which substituted a National banking system for a State banking system; the Democratic party presented to this scheme an almost unanimous opposition. The Republican party not only affirmed in its platform that it was practicable by international action to keep gold and silver at a fixed ratio of value as a basis for a paper currency, but refused to abandon the attempt until every effort had been made to secure the co-operation of foreign governments in this bimetallic policy; the Democratic party, in a popular reaction against its natural and old time leaders, declared that the Nation could accomplish this result without the aid of any other Nation, and was rent in twain by its own disregard of its conservative traditions. The Republican party has consistently affirmed that it is both constitutional and expedient to use the taxing power of the Government for other purposes than the raising of revenue—as to promote special industries, to discourage State banks, to prevent inter-State commerce in

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adulterated articles; Democratic leaders have steadfastly denied both the right and the expediency, though the Democratic party has not always consistently followed its leaders. The Republican party has disregarded the precedents of the past in securing a waterway across the Isthmus of Panama; Democratic journals and leaders have accepted the result, but have condemned the procedure. The Republican party has affirmed the right of the United States to own territory which is not a part of the United States, and to govern peoples who are subjects, not citizens; the Democratic party denies the constitutional right, and denies that the people are competent to enter on such an undertaking, even if the Government has the constitutional authority. The Republican party has enlarged and reorganized the Federal army for the purpose of making the State militia a component part of it and subject to it, and has stood for a continual increase of the navy; the Democratic party advocates the reduction of both. The Republican party, by its platform this year, recognizes and approves great combinations of capital as necessary results of the economic movement of the age, and maintains that the Federal Government has the power, and should exercise its power to make such organizations subservient to the public welfare; the Democratic party desires to guard against the perils of too great industrial organizations by preventing their growth and forbidding their commercial activity.

The reader may think that any or all of these policies of the Republican party were erroneous. He may think, as doubtless some of our Southern readers do, that the Federal Government had no constitutional authority to coerce a State, or emancipate the slaves; or, as some of our financial readers do, that it had no authority to issue an irredeemable paper currency, or to supplant a State banking system with a Federal banking system; or, as many of them do, that international bimetallism was a wild scheme, impossible to realize; or, as still others do, that a protective tariff is neither accordant with the power of the Constitution nor with the best interests of the Nation; or, as still others do, that the Panama proceedings violated international law, and our colonial policy violates Constitutional law; or, as still others do, that the only remedy for Trusts is a recurrence to competition. They may think, as we do, that the Democratic party did good service in preventing the Republican party from enacting a Force Bill, and that the time for a high protective tariff has passed, and the time for a free commercial development has arrived. But, whatever their opinion on these and kindred points, they can hardly question that the testimony of the past half century of American history shows the Republican party animated by a spirit of courage, of enterprise, of readiness for new experiments, and the Democratic party by a spirit of caution, of conservatism, of criticism of all that is new; of adherence to the precedents of the past. If the reader is animated by the first spirit, if he believes in the power and wisdom and virtue of the American people, if he believes in its ability to try experiments and achieve results, if he is of a daring temper, he will naturally affiliate himself with the Republican party, as he will admire the spirit of its chosen leader. The purpose to encourage and promote the greatest industrial organizations in the world and to bring them under popular control through what it purposes to make at once the freest and the strongest government in the world, will appeal to his imagination and incite his ambition. If, on the contrary, he desires to preserve in the twentieth century the simplicity of life and of government which characterized the beginning of the nineteenth century, if he dreads great organizations, whether industrial, governmental, military, or ecclesiastical, if he is averse to new enterprises and new experiments, he will naturally affiliate himself with the party which holds to the maxims and traditions of the past, and proposes never to enter upon new courses of conduct, or new phases of National development, until it is compelled to do so by forces which may be guided but cannot be resisted.

The same spirit which leads The Outlook to welcome new thought in

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theology and new experiments in church life, leads it to welcome the new sociology and the new politics. This does not mean that we approve all Republican policies. We doubt the necessity of any considerable increase in our navy; we do not believe in the expediency of continuing to maintain a high protective tariff; we are unalterably and earnestly opposed to the policy marked out for the Republican party by its plank on suffrage in the Southern States. But in the main we think the Nation will be best served by having its destinies directed by the men of progressive, optimistic, enterprising, constructive temper, men who believe in organization and in the collective wisdom of the people in their organized capacity, provided there is always a vigorous minority of men of the conservative, cautious, critical temper, to watch all policies and subject every new one to the keenest criticism, and able, if the bolder spirits go too fast and too far, to deprive them of their power at any Presidential or even Congressional election.

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The South and the Negro

In this issue of The Outlook Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott brings to a close his series of articles on "The South and the Negro." These articles are the result of a careful and painstaking study in the regions described. We ought, however, to add that the author would be quick to say that he has not seen all that is to be seen, that he has not said the last word on the subject, and that other observations, by other observers, and especially in other sections of the South, might give a different view. Thus neither the attempted peonage system of Alabama and Georgia, nor the barbaric penal system of the latter State with its chain-gang, have come within the horizon of his observations. The conditions of the race problem in the Gulf States and the Coast States of the Upper South are different, perhaps materially different; only the conditions found in the latter States has he described.

He has cautioned his readers against drawing general conclusions; and it is certain that there has been quite too much tendency to generalize on this subject. But his articles should cause Northern writers who have never visited the South, and whose knowledge of the subject is evolved out of their own consciousness, to reserve some of their too hasty generalizations based on imperfect knowledge of the facts. If general conclusions cannot be drawn from these articles, it is not impossible to suggest the correction of certain conclusions which have been deduced from far less accurate information.

There is no "Solid South." Professor Du Bois had told us that before. The Southern view is "a sea of cross currents;" "there are as many classes of opinions as there are classes of Southerners." And there is as little solidity in the black race as in the white race. Both races are composed of all sorts and conditions of men—good, bad, and indifferent. There are intelligent blacks and ignorant blacks, religious blacks and superstitious blacks, industrious blacks and idle blacks, thrifty blacks and shiftless blacks, virtuous blacks and vicious blacks, and exactly the same divisions are to be found among the whites. There is no radical race difference in this respect, no difference that may not be attributable to difference of opportunity. "Indiscriminate statements concerning the inherent character of 'the race' are of no value."

But though the South is not solid there are two principles upon which all whites in the South are agreed. All Southerners are opposed to race amalgamation, and to all forms of social intermingling which seems to them liable to lead to amalgamation. They are passionately resolved to maintain the purity of the white race. But neither this resolve, nor the deep feeling which underlies it, involves any unkindness of feeling toward the black man. The African race shares in the feeling, and the leaders in that race agree with that resolve. The determined purpose of both races, and, deeper than purpose, the constitutional feeling of both races, is for a race separation. It is this feeling, not hatred or contempt, which underlies the maintenance of separate schools, churches,

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hotels, and conveyances for the separated races.

The other principle upon which Southern whites are agreed is that mere numerical majorities should not govern. "The suffrage limitation laws of the Southern States are, in fact, less the expression of a race feeling than of a political theory concerning the character of the electorate." The prevalent view in the South is that "participants in the government should be adequately qualified." It is because this view has been re-enforced by the experience derived from a disregard of it during the reconstruction period, that several Southern States have adopted Constitutions limiting the suffrage to those who prove, by some test, their qualification for its exercise. This is not necessarily, and, apparently, not even generally, at least, in the Upper Southern Atlantic States, race disfranchisement. "So far from negro disfranchisement being a fact," writes Mr. Abbott, "at least, in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, I found very few advocates of it in these States." It will probably surprise some of our Northern readers to learn that the educated negroes in these States do not object to these Constitutional amendments. "I think," said one of these negro leaders to Mr. Abbott, "it was one of the best things that ever happened to the negro. It meant not getting rid of privileges, but getting rid of fool notions of privilege." What a minority of whites would hold if the majority of blacks in the community were properly qualified for the suffrage is a question which Mr. Abbott's observations do not answer.

The Outlook agrees with the South in holding that race amalgamation would be injurious to both races, and that political authority in all its forms, from that of a voter to that of a Governor or a President, is a prerogative to be conferred on the qualified, not a natural right which cannot be justly withheld from any. It is because Southerners supposed, not wholly without reason, that the Northerners wish to promote race amalgamation, and are determined to coerce the South into rule by mere numerical majorities, that they present the aspect of a solid South to the North. If the two fundamental principles to which the South is passionately devoted—race separation and qualified suffrage—were evaded, the solidity of the South would disappear, and the problems of Southern society—political, industrial, and educational—would be seen not to differ materially from the same problems in every free community. These are how to secure equal rights before the law and equal opportunity for industrial life, and material prosperity, and educational development for all men of whatever race or condition in life. Doubtless there are some men in the South who do not believe in giving such equality of opportunity to both races, as there are some men in the North who do not believe in giving such equality of opportunity to all nationalities and all classes. But Mr. Abbott's articles do not indicate that the people of the South Atlantic States are in this respect less democratic than their Northern neighbors.

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Letters to a Minister

The Christian Priest—II.

To the devotional meeting and the sacrament, of which I have already written, as expressions of devotional life, is to be added the public worship on Sunday. In my boyhood days in New England it used to be called "preliminary exercises," and was regarded as a kind of grace before meat. This impression leads people to come to church late, and think they are punctual if they are in time for the sermon; it leads the minister to make absolutely no provision for this half hour of worship, content to select his hymns and his Scripture after he comes into the pulpit; it treats the public worship of Almighty God as though it were a mere portico of the splendid temple into which the minister will presently conduct him in his sermon.

Public worship in the church is at least as important as public instruction; you are to take it as seriously, you are to prepare for it as really, you are to enter into it yourself as fully, and so you are to lead your people into it.

Three elements enter into this public

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worship: the reading of Scripture, the singing of hymns, the prayer. The reading of Scripture may be for devotional purposes or for instructional purposes. You may read your Scripture to teach the people something, or you may read the Scripture to express their devotional life. And these two are quite distinct, and must be kept distinct in your own mind, though the two may be intermingled in actual practice. The advantage of the responsive reading of the Psalms is that none think that it is for instructional purposes; it carries with it, by suggestion, the idea that it is devotional, not educational. But if you are to read the Scripture so as to make it an instrument for the expression of devotion, the Scripture must enter into your own soul. You cannot come into the pulpit, as again and again it has happened in my experience, and ask the minister who is going to preach, What Scripture shall I read this morning? and have him tell you, and then think no more about it until you rise to read the Scripture. "The words that I speak unto you," says Christ, "they are spirit and they are life." These words of Scripture will not be spirit and they will not be life unless your own spirit and your own life passes from you into the congregation in the Scripture reading. You must know not only how to read so that your congregation can hear, you must know how to read so that your congregation will feel. I am not urging elocutionary reading, still less dramatic reading, least of all, theatric reading, I am urging spiritual reading. If you do not understand the difference, it would be idle to attempt to explain it.

The musical service ought to be distinctly an expression of spiritual life. It is not always; you might almost say, it often is not. We ministers find fault with our choirs, that they are ill-behaved during the sermon; the choirs would have a right to find fault with us ministers, that we are ill-behaved during the singing. We add to the notes of our sermon, or look them over to see what we have to say, or study the faces of our congregation, or do anything but join in the praise of God. I was present once at an ordination in the West where there had been a long sermon, and a long charge to the congregation, and then a home missionary, with perhaps more candor than prudence, arose and gave out the hymn in this way: "In order to relieve the tedium of these exercises we will sing the Forty-fifth Hymn—and also to the praise and glory of Almighty God." It was a candid and naïve confession of what is often in the minds of the non-liturgical ministers. In a great many cases the minister opens the hymn-book, selects a hymn, sees that it is too long, and says, We will omit such a verse, and does not consider what is going to happen to the hymn thus dismembered. I remember when a boy the minister gave out a hymn in that way, and directed us to omit the second verse, and what we sung was this:

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

O Lord, forbid it by thy grace."

The minister ought to know something about music. I do not say that he ought to be a musician, but it is very desirable that he should at least have enough knowledge of music to understand its adaptability to different occasions. I recently went into the Bowery to attend an evangelistic service; the hall was crowded with tramps and lodging-house men, we sang the Moody and Sankey hymns; they were admirably adapted to the needs of the kind of people that gathered in that hall. But I go occasionally to a college Young Men's Christian Association, and we sing "Safe in the arms of Jesus," or "Hallelujah, 'tis done," and I know that the cultivated, educated young men of the college are repelled, not attracted, by any such form of expression of religious life. No man should be allowed to lead the service of God in the worship of music who is not himself devout. It is as incongruous that an undevout choirmaster as that an undevout minister should lead the worship of God. And yet in many of our city churches the only question is, Can she sing? or Can he play? Of course, under such conditions we do not get music that is the expression of a spiritual life. We get

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perhaps, a good essay at one end of the church, and a good musical performance at the other; but that is neither worship nor religion. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain:" I sometimes think that there is no place where that is more violated than in some fashionable churches.

But you are also to conduct the worship of your people by prayer. A prophet is one who interprets God to man; a priest is one who interprets man to God. Many Protestants have fallen into the impression that the priesthood is abolished, that there is no longer need for priests. But if a priest is one who interprets man to God, priests are as much needed in America in this beginning of the twentieth century as they were ever needed. Why? Does man need an interpreter? Cannot he speak for himself? No. In every man there is a potential power to appreciate music; but very few men can give expression to the music that is dormant within them. There must be the Wagner or the Schumann to interpret the music; when it is interpreted, then the music within the soul of the hearer leaps up to answer to the music interpreted without by the musician. In every man there is a potential power to appreciate beauty. But many a man cannot paint or draw; he cannot give expression to his own artistic sense. But when some one else does this, he sees that it is beautiful. "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." Not every man can prophecy, but a great many men who cannot prophecy can appreciate the prophecy, and can and do respond to it.

So there are unnumbered thousands of men who have dormant, vague spiritual experiences, and who want some one to interpret their experiences to them, and so interpret them to God. This is the object of the priest. It is to take this shadowy, vague, undefined sentiment in the hearts of people and so formulate it that they shall, through his words, give expression of it to their Father. In the congregation before you next Sunday morning there is a man who is unhappy, he knows not why; he has been doing wrong, and he but half realizes the ill-developed remorse. Next him is a boy full of jubilant life, who came whistling to church until his father told him that he must not whistle on Sunday. He has really a spirit of thankfulness that he is alive, but he does not know it. By his side is a mother who has buried her child. She thought she believed in immortality, and now she does not know whether she believes or not. Did she really drop her child in the grave, or has he risen? She has a hope that is half despair, and she wants some one who will take that despairing hope and give expression of it in prayer. This is public prayer; the interpretation of the soul to itself, and so to God. This is what you are to do in your intercession with and for your congregation.

How shall you prepare for public prayer? By reading devotional books? Yes. By private prayer? Yes. But neither alone is sufficient: by a habit of intercession with God for your congregation. Congregational prayer is intercessory prayer. If you are to intercede with God for your congregation in its presence, you must have become accustomed to intercede yourself with God for them in your closet. Do not launch out into theological distinctions and call it prayer; do not give information to the Almighty and call it prayer. You need to read and reread the best literature of prayer; the prayers of the ages; the prayers in the Book of Common Prayer; the prayers of Henry Ward Beecher, which I think are the best outside the great classics. But above all you need to comprehend sympathetically the joys and sorrows, the victories and defeats, the temptations, the sins, and the virtues of your people, and to carry them in daily private prayer to God; to pray for them man by man, by name, in secret; then, when in the great congregation you pray for them by classes and in more general terms, you will be traveling a well worn road, and they will follow your guidance, assured, by the quiet confidence won by practice, that you know the way to the heart of God. L. A.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been visiting lately in one of our largest navy yards, and has found it a wonderfully interesting place. An an expression of Uncle Sam's character and development, it was profoundly encouraging to a mere civilian, while also entirely different from what he expected. Of course, everybody realizes that the old man-of-war, cruiser, and gunboat have gone out of existence well nigh as completely as the triremes of Rome or the galleys of the Vikings. But the transformations of our naval progress are not fully understood until the modern navy yard opens one's eyes to them. Where the carrier-pigeon loft once stood, the wireless telegraph now rears its tall pole, and stretches its mysterious, exquisitely sensitive antennæ to catch the vibrations of the equally mysterious and sensitive ether. "We had a message ten minutes ago," said the expert at the instrument "from a warship passing the Cape." Further on down the wide walk between the old cannon, freshly painted black, with the balls in their mouths bright scarlet (so that they irresistibly reminded the Spectator of the dogs of war with their tongues lolling out), was a long, large brick building, fast going up, where all sorts of mechanical and electrical construction were to have their headquarters. The war vessels lying at the wharves were all of the new, massive, specialized type, floating machine-shops, electric plants, and gun-batteries all in the highest scientific efficiency. A tremendous granite dry-dock yawned on one side; a pair of "submarines" tilted their painted noses to the sky, waiting for a thorough overhauling by the skilled workers of the yard. After seeing the marine railway, the marvelous locomotive cranes, the floating derricks, the systems of light, water, heat, electric and pneumatic power and telephone, the Spectator felt that America was characteristically expressed in her naval plant, for which nothing appears too new or too good.

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A like development, the Spectator found in addition, is being made in "the man behind the gun." On a modern man-of-war, a crew of six hundred of the old "sailor men" would be of no practical use. The bluejacket of to-day must be of the highest type of efficiency—and he is. He must not be intemperate—and he is not. The Spectator heard the captain of a celebrated training-ship tell of his experience in the port of Tangier not long ago. The captain (who has, as he expresses it, "brought up thirty-two hundred boys besides two of his own"), had promised his young crew to give them two days' "liberty" when Tangier was reached. "The British consul," he said, "who also looked after American interests, was horrified at the idea of such a thing. 'It can't be done,' he insisted. 'No English ship ever gives its men liberty here, to say nothing of the Germans or the rest. The town is too turbulent and too bad. If you let your men come ashore, there is bound to be trouble, and I can't stand by them when complications occur, as they must. It is madness to allow their landing.' But I was not afraid. 'I have promised the crew liberty, and I always keep my promises to them,' I told him and, in spite of his protests, I sent them ashore promptly. Every one of them reported when time was up, and every one was sober. I met the English consul at dinner the night before we left, and he said: 'I take it all back, Captain. Those men of yours are a wonder! They have been all over Tangier, riding everything in the place, from camels to donkeys, seeing all the sights, and behaving themselves as well as any party of tourists I ever saw—better than most, for that matter.'" To get such a class of bluejackets no pains are spared. In Boston, a year or so ago, out of three hundred lads desirious of entering the navy, only thirty passed the scrutiny of the recruiting officer. Physically, mentally, and morally, Uncle Sam wants the best. The Spectator noticed one surprising fact in the big training-ships at the navy yard—that ninety per cent. of the young landsmen undergoing training are Americans, and he was told that this proportion obtains throughout.

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The Spectator was fortunate enough to be visiting the yard at the same time

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that Miss Helen Gould spent a day there, and when special drills were held for her to see. The naval Young Men's Christian Association is indebted to her for the splendid building in Brooklyn, which every bluejacket is proud of, and where sailors will crowd in to sleep on the floor, after the hundreds of comfortable beds are filled, rather than lodge elsewhere. One of the prettiest sights imaginable was the presentation, by a very shy stalwart sun-tanned young bluejacket, of a great bunch of roses tied with the navy blue-and-white, to Miss Gould, while three cheers were given with all the lung-power of hundreds of sailor throats, and all the quick and hearty admiration of sailor hearts for a good and lovely woman. This naval branch is appreciated by every self-respecting young sailorman, for it gives him a safe harbor amid the temptations of a strange port. It is savings-bank, hotel, and club in one, and so far, the Spectator was told, not one branch has been founded, from Pensacola to San Francisco, that has not been overcrowded the moment its doors opened to sailor feet. In Pensacola, hundreds slept on the floor the first night of opening. The new sailorman has new needs—the saloon, the dancehall and the lodging-house cannot make prey of him if he can find better things.

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One of the newest things in the Navy Yard was its training of naval nurses. In the beautiful grounds of the Naval Hospital the Spectator had the unusual privilege of seeing the graduating exercises of some forty or fifty bluejackets who had chosen this branch of service. He has already seen two classes of white-capped young women graduate from city hospitals this year; but this variation was unique. First in the upper hall of the hospital, and then out under the great trees on the broad lawn, the sailor graduates were put through drills in bandaging, tourniquets, stretcher-carrying (including ground and loft-work, up and down ship-ladders, at the double-quick, which made the Spectator hold his breath), company work, and first aid to the injured. The latter, done as a landing-party of sailors would do it, was picturesque in the highest degree. In squads of four and five, the class scattered over the wide grounds, into clumps of bushes, behind walls, etc., and then reappeared, bringing in the supposed wounded on stretchers, after having done what they could in the way of bandaging, splints, and so on. The doctor in charge went from stretcher to stretcher, as they were lined up in front of him, examining the graduates. "What is the matter here? Fracture of the ulna, you say. Why have you arranged the bandage in this way?—very good." In some cases the nurses were supposed to have exhausted their roll of bandages and their splints, and reported that they had used handkerchiefs, bits of wood, and pads of hay or grass. The Spectator will not soon forget a group of four sturdy stretcher-bearers, around an injured patient with a fractured leg bound with hay in generous quantities, and a bandaged head, whose cap, carefully arranged over his face to protect him from the supposed tropical sun, revealed one merry gray eye which winked at his companions as the examination proceeded, and overcame the gravity of two of them. Nor was the bluejacket "found drowned" less comic, as he stealthily tried to bite the comrade who was pulling out his tongue in approved style, while four others worked at his arms and legs. After this graduation, six months are spent in hospital, and then the naval nurse goes on board ship—two of them only to each large war vessel at present, though Uncle Sam expects to graduate enough to go round, before many years are over. As the wife of the admiral gave them their diplomas from the broad granite steps of the hospital, the scene was truly emblematic of the new progress and completeness of our navy, which represents not only the old bravery and patriotism of the man-of-war's men, but the science, the invention, the intelligence, and the self-control that America asks, and gets, to-day, to make her fleet supremely worthy of her flag.

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Studies in Colonial Administration

VIII.—French Indo-China

By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S.

Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago, Author of "Tropical Colonization," etc.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century France had already been engaged for more than two hundred years in colonial enterprises.

In the Old World the genius of Dupleix and the bravery of the great Admiral Suffren had all but given her India; and in the New World that immense territory lying east of a line dropped from Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi would have been hers if the efforts of Champlain and D'Iberville had received adequate support from Paris.

East and west, however, the story was one of a grand achievement almost achieved, of a great failure which might easily have been a great success. The net result, the final outcome, of two centuries of effort was that in 1815 France possessed Martinique, Guadeloupe, Réunion, a few scattered trading posts in India, and the little fishing settlements of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

During the first half of the nineteenth century little was done to extend the over-sea possessions of France. The Revolution, which had been preceded by a hundred years of warfare, had been followed by the Napoleonic campaigns, and the country was thoroughly exhausted.

In 1850 the colonies of France occupied an area of 200,000 square miles and held a population of less than 3,000,000.

But the passion for territorial expansion, which had remained dormant after Waterloo, was slowly reviving, and at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War France embarked once more upon a policy of colonial conquest.

The second half of the nineteenth century added more than four million square miles and more than fifty million inhabitants to the French Colonial Empire—an area greater than that of the United States, a population more numerous than that of the United Kingdom.

Of all the French colonies, Indo-China is at once the most important and the most successful. It consists of the Colony of Cochin-China and the Protectorates of Cambodia, Annam, Tonkin, and Laos; it occupies an area of 350,000 square miles and contains about 20,000,000 inhabitants. The conquest of the country occupied nearly thirty-five years, Cochin-China having been acquired in 1861, and Tonkin, which was made a French Protectorate in 1884, finally pacified in 1897.

Until within recent years the general conditions of French Indo-China were most unsatisfactory. Every fault which history has taught us to expect in French colonial administration was to be found, flagrant and unrebuked, in the colony.

The civil service was inefficient; appointments and promotions depended largely upon political favoritism; in Cochin-China alone was there any organized French administration; throughout the rest of the colony the French protectorate was little more than nominal; deficit after deficit in the local budgets had thrown upon France a heavy financial burden; trade was at a standstill; and the splendid resources of the colony were lying untouched.

The country was passing from bad to worse under a régime in which there appeared to exist no unity of purpose, no definite policy of development; and in the meanwhile the conquest and administration of the colony had cost the French taxpayer, up to the end of 1895, 750 million francs ($150,000,000).

Ten years ago French Indo-China seemed to be of all colonies in the world the one of which least could reasonably be hoped.

But with the appointment of M. Paul

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Doumer to the Governor-Generalship in 1897 commenced a series of changes which have not only made the colony self-supporting but have enabled it to pay during the past five years into the French treasury more than forty millions of francs by way of military contributions.

When M. Paul Doumer arrived in the colony, he found a state of affairs which called for drastic measures of reform. Tonkin was still in a disturbed condition; the public had lost confidence in the administration of civil justice and had practically ceased appealing to the courts; in so far as there was any French administration in the four Protectorates, the services were entirely independent of one another and were working along different and often conflicting lines; the finances of the colony were at the lowest ebb.

At first sight, the difficulties in the way of reform appeared to be almost insuperable. Even if the ordinary machinery of government had been at the disposal of the Governor-General, even if he had not been hampered at the very outset by an empty treasury, there would still have remained the deadly undercurrent of political intrigue to contend with, for every change that it was proposed to make struck at some abuse fostered by men who had the power to exert considerable influence in Paris.

But, as a matter of fact, though there was a Governor-General of Indo-China, there was no General Government. The personal title was there, but that was all, and the duty of the Governor-General was to administer the affairs of Tonkin and to leave the rest of the colony alone.

Before effect could be given to any plan under which the colony could be brought into a satisfactory condition, it was clearly essential that the various parts of the colony should be federated under a central government, and to this task M. Doumer immediately turned his attention.

He commenced his work by delegating his powers as Governor of Tonkin to a Resident-Superior, thus leaving himself free to face the two great problems of organizing a General Government and of providing the revenue necessary for the upkeep of the new establishment.

The first step was the creation of a General Legislature, which should have authority to deal with all matters which it was intended to place under the charge of the General Government.

In theory, such a legislative body had existed in the Superior Council of Indo-China; but this Council, which had never exercised any powers such as one might infer from its title, had actually disappeared some years before M. Doumer's arrival. The precedent, however, remained, and a new Superior Council was set up and endowed with an authority which made it an effective machine for carrying out the far-reaching reforms undertaken by the new Governor-General.

The Superior Council of Indo-China, as it is now constituted, consists of the Governor-General, the Military Commander-in-Chief of Indo-China, the Commander-in-Chief of the French Naval Squadron in the Far East, the Secretary-General of Indo-China, the Lieutenant-Governor of Cochin-China, the Residents-Superior of Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia, and Laos, the heads of Departments of the General Government, the President of the Colonial Council of Cochin-China, the Presidents of the various Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture in the colony, four native members, and the Chief-of-Cabinet of the Governor-General.

The Superior Council meets once a year for the purpose of passing the General Budget and the local Budgets of the five States of the colony, and of dealing with any matters in regard to which the Governor-General may desire to avail himself of its advice; but for the sake of convenience there is a Permanent Commission of the Council, which advises the Governor-General upon all questions which require immediate settlement during the course of the year.

The functions of the Superior Council and of its Permanent Commission are merely consultative; but, owing to the strong composition of these bodies, it is difficult if not impossible for the Governor-General to act in opposition to their advice.

Having established a legislature com-

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petent to give legal force to his acts, M. Doumer proceeded to the formation of his General Government. At the head of this was placed the Cabinet of the Governor-General, a central department composed of four bureaus, dealing respectively with political affairs, questions of administration, colonial defense, and general secretarial work. The ordinary departments of a General Government were also created—a Secretariat, called the Direction of Civil Affairs, corresponding to a Ministry of the Interior, a Federal Judiciary, a Treasury, a Customs and Excise Department, and Departments of Public Works, Agriculture and Commerce, Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones.

The effects which have followed the creation of these Federal Departments cannot be overestimated. Uniformity has been introduced in regard to all matters having a common interest for the five States of the Colony, public works are now carried out with due regard to the general development of the country, and confidence has been restored in the judiciary. But perhaps the most important reform which has resulted from the new arrangements is that the civil services of the different States have been converted into one service, under the final control of the Governor-General.

At each step in these proceedings M. Doumer encountered the steady opposition of the majority of the local officials, whose powers were to be greatly curtailed; and when the question of providing for the expenses of the General Government was taken up, there were added to the official clamor the protests of the taxpayers of Cochin-China, the most prosperous of the States, against the diversion of local revenue for the purpose of meeting general expenditure.

To have heeded these protests would have been to abandon the project of a General Budget, without which the General Government could not have been supported. M. Doumer faced the outcry, and, by reforming the system of taxation in the various States, succeeded in passing the first General Budget in 1898.

The principle adopted in apportioning the proceeds of taxation between the local and the general funds was not only sound in theory but convenient in practice. The local budgets were to be fed by the proceeds of direct taxation, the General Budget by the proceeds of indirect taxation.

The plan rested on a logical basis, since it provided that all money raised by specific personal taxes should be expended on the spot, in view, as it were, of the person taxed, whereas money derived from taxes of general incidence should be devoted to general purposes.

Thus revenue from customs and excise duties, taxes on spirits and tobacco, and the profits of the opium and salt monopolies go to the General Budget, while the local budgets depend on the land tax, the head tax, and on trading and other licenses.

The budgets for 1904 balance at the following figures: General Budget, 65 millions of francs; Cochin-China, 10 millions; Tonkin, 10 millions; Cambodia, 5 millions; Annam, 5 millions; and Laos, 2 millions—a total of 97 millions of francs, roughly $19,000,000, a sum by no means extravagant when the area and population of the Colony are taken into account.

It is seen, therefore, that the General Government controls an expenditure more than twice as great as that of the five local Governments added together—a fact which, perhaps more than any other, indicates the magnitude of the reforms introduced by M. Doumer.

These changes in the political structure of Indo-China have been accompanied by others, equally striking, in the economic conditions of the Colony. In 1897 the value of the total exterior commerce of Indo-China, exclusive of coasting and transit trade, was 205 millions of francs; in 1902 it had risen to 400 millions. Of this trade the share of France increased from 51 millions, or less than one-quarter, to 140 millions, or more than one-third. During the same period the coasting trade increased in value from 40 millions to 156 millions.

It is true that some portion of the increase in the value of the exterior commerce represents imports from France, on Government account, of material to

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be used in connection with public works; but the value of the Colony's exports rose from 116 millions of francs in 1897 to 185 millions in 1902, an increase of 68 per cent. in five years, which may be regarded as a most satisfactory and encouraging advance.

It can scarcely be doubted that the fair measure of success which has at last crowned the efforts of the French in Indo-China may be attributed chiefly to the wisdom of the French Government in selecting a capable man like M. Doumer and giving him a free hand.

The most characteristic fault of French colonial administration has always been the readiness of the home government to yield to local opposition whenever an energetic and competent governor has made a determined effort to introduce radical reforms into his colony. That M. Doumer should have been allowed to remain five years in Indo-China, in face of the bitter hostility of a large and influential coterie, marks an entirely new departure in French colonial policy.

It has been noted time and again by writers on French colonization that the French are not a colonizing people in the sense in which we apply the term to the English.

There has never been a time in French history when colonial enterprise has been a national movement. The acquisition of colonies has always ministered to the French love of glory and display; there has never existed in the French character anything to which the hard, unromantic work of colonial development could make an appeal.

The student of British imperialism can scarcely fail to observe that English colonization in the nineteenth century was largely a question of making a virtue of a necessity. The law of primogeniture detached the younger sons from the family estates; in a lower rank of society the pressure of population acted as a powerful stimulant to emigration; thousands no doubt left England to find a more congenial climate.

In France these motives for taking up colonial life have been entirely lacking. A country in which the law of inheritance gives every man, woman, and child a vested interest in the soil, in which the number of the population is nearly stationary, a land endowed in a higher degree perhaps than any other with everything which goes to the making of an attractive place of residence, can offer its colonies but little in the way of colonists.

It was Bismarck, I believe, who described the colonial affairs of the three great Powers in the epigram, "England has colonies and colonists; Germany has colonists but no colonies; France has colonies but no colonists."

It is abundantly clear that Frenchmen are unwilling either to seek a livelihood in the French colonies or to invest their capital in colonial industries. That a certain number of Frenchmen have been induced by the payment of enormous subsidies to various enterprises to go to the French colonies, and to take their capital with them, does not alter the fact that there is little emigration to "France-beyond-the-Sea" which does not rest in a greater or less degree upon State aid in one form or another.

So with Indo-China, the reforms of M. Doumer, which have accomplished so much in the direction of improving the administration and finances of the colony, have done very little towards satisfying its greatest needs—French colonists and French capital.

What remains to be done is to throw the colony open to foreign enterprise, to remove the pernicious customs regulations, and thus to give others an opportunity of undertaking the work of development which the French seem unwilling or unable to carry out.

With others to lead the way, and with achieved success to reason from, the Frenchman might be persuaded to follow. Even if this hope were not realized, the general advantages which would result from the investment of large foreign capital would in themselves be sufficient to bring great prosperity to what is potentially one of the finest colonies in the world.

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The South and the Negro

VII.—Education and Race Integrity

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

THOSE with whom I talked concerning the education of the negro in the South may be divided into two categories: those who believed in a policy of suppression, and those who believed in a policy of development. Of course those who believed in a policy of suppression favored no system of education in any true sense. One or two admitted the value of some kind of instruction, possibly even public instruction; but this merely to make the negro more amenable to control. They would be pleased with any process that would make a negro's heart more docile and his hand more useful. None of these, however, approved any existing method of instruction or any existing negro school. It has sometimes been asserted, and oftener implied, that the chief advocates of industrial education for negroes have been those who would "belittle such aspiration" as that of the best negroes, "nullify such leadership, and seek to crush these people back into the mass" from which they have risen. I did not find this to be the case. Believers in the repression of the negro were as disappointed in the results of industrial education as in those of the traditional curriculum. These two classes may simply and truly be designated, without qualification, as enemies and friends of education.

Of the enemies of education in the South I met very few. I am not sure that some of those whom I should class as such were such in fact. No college boy is fonder of "stringing" a newly arrived freshman than is many a Southerner of assuming the rôle of a fire-eater for the amazement of a Northern guest. The traveler in search of local color can usually have it without the trouble of asking. Everything, even to opinion, that savors of ante-bellum days is hospitably produced for the entertainment of the visitor. If several of my acquaintances in the South succeeded in passing off some old-time sentiments as though they were in daily use, they were only doing what many a New England housewife does with her willow pattern china. Be that as it may, the number of people apparently opposed to popular education formed a small minority of all those whom I met. The educational revival which has been marked in Virginia and North Carolina has made opposition to public education a badge of distinction.

Among the friends of education, on the other hand, I found a considerable proportion who were sceptical concerning the capacity of the negroes for education. It is of these, rather than of the deliberate enemies of education, that the element among Southerners who are indifferent or opposed to the public schools for negroes is chiefly composed. They have seen such public schools in operation for a generation, and have not seen the negroes who have been taught in them improved in moral character and in intelligence. They have concluded that it is not worth while to spend money for "educating niggers." Public schools for white children they firmly believe to be worth while, and, on general principles, public schools for colored children to be a necessary part of the common school system; but they do not care whether the colored children attend them or what sort of teachers are engaged. As long as these schools are kept out of sight and mind they are satisfied to let the negro population do what it will with them. Such Southerners as I am here speaking of would really like to see the negroes make progress; they also are conscientious supporters of the public school system. They simply have come to the conclusion, after observation, that the public school system does not make for the progress of the negro.

If by the public school system is meant the general use of a hard and fast curriculum of the traditional sort

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taught by memoriter methods—in brief the sort of system which has been in vogue in the South, as it has been in vogue elsewhere in the United States—such educational sceptics are not without justification. The colored schools I saw in the South furnished plenty of reason for discouragement. One superintendent of schools, who was putting energy into his conduct of the colored schools under his care, told me his chief difficulty regarding the employment of teachers was securing young women who were not known to be morally loose. Whatever the moral character of the teachers in the school I visited in that town might have been, and I have reason to believe it was excellent, their manner of teaching was perfunctory and spiritless. That this was not due to the school authorities was clear; for in a private school carried on by a negro woman in the neighborhood the process of instruction was even more mechanical. There, in that stuffy upper floor of a ramshackle building, the little black children screeched their songs and stupidly read off words in their readers, under the listless, unintelligent supervision of the "principal," until I wished the whole crowd of them might be turned out into the open air, for that at least was vital. If this town was exceptional, it was in having colored schools decidedly above rather than below the average. Even in some institutions of higher grade I found a pedagogical atmosphere of like humidity. What surprised me was not that the faith in such schools was generally so little but that it was so great.

The query is entirely rational, Is not the fault much less in the negro people than in the educational system? If the patient has failed to recover it is not wholly reasonable to decide that the case is incurable; perhaps the treatment should be changed.

In order to understand the problem it is necessary to understand, first, what the nature of the material is, and, second, what the final product ought to be. Before a man builds a factory he first decides whether he is going to be supplied with cotton or pig-iron, and then, if it is cotton, whether he will manufacture twine or cloth, or both; or if it is pig-iron, whether he will make steel plates or ordnance or rails, or all three. He has to adapt his factory to the material and the product. If he builds a steel plant and gets cotton, he can hardly blame the cotton for its failure to become hardened by going through the blast furnace. In the South, however, the colored schools, which seem to have been planted just because they were schools, have been expected to produce any kind of product from any kind of material. As if there were something thaumaturgic about a school merely as school! Granted that these schools have worked some miracles with that element which Professor Du Bois calls the "talented tenth" of the negroes, it is intelligent to hold that for the other nine-tenths, or more accurately ninety-nine-hundredths, schools employing a somewhat different process would be more natural.

On the one hand, the material which those schools have to shape consists of a child race, in all probability destined to remain distinct from the rest of the population, and possessing certain traits inherited from an abnormal social order. The product, on the other hand, which those schools should be devised to turn out is, individually, men and women of character and intelligence, and, socially, a race still distinct, contributing to the general health of the community. The devising of such schools is primarily not a race problem, but an educational problem. Race feeling, which legitimately may be the determining force for keeping the races distinct, merely supplies to the problem its conditions. These conditions once established and accepted, the problem itself can be worked out according simply to principles of education applied to those conditions with intelligence.

Those in the South who saw most clearly that race feeling could thus be eliminated from the discussion of the real problem of negro education were those who were most illuminating in their expressions of opinion on the subject. It is altogether beyond the scope of such an article as this to include anything like an adequate presentation of a satisfactory educational system to meet the

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needs of the Southern colored population. It will be possible only to mention certain characteristics as they were suggested by observation, or in the course of conversations.

In order to be adjusted to conditions established by race feeling such a system would have to possess certain racial characteristics. Since, as I have previously indicated, the most respectable and influential among both whites and blacks are averse to anything resembling social intimacy, and since in schools children are thrown together in relations which are normally congenial, schools must be maintained separately for two races. As a consequence every school may be made suitable to racial as well as other needs. A Southern educator, head of a large industrial school for white children, and supervising official of a negro normal school, said that, since the negro people were to have their own schools, it was wrong to set before them ideals exclusively in terms of another race. Yet, he pointed out, practically all the heroes of history whom negro boys are bidden to emulate, are white heroes; all the women presented as worthy of reverence are white women. Is it any wonder, then, he inquired, that negro young men are rooted and grounded in the belief that all that is desirable is white? Ought we to be surprised that some, barred by inexorable custom from any legitimate way toward satisfying the ambition which the schools have nurtured, attempt occasionally to satisfy it by criminal violence? In primers, pictures of white boys and girls, in histories, pictures of white heroes and heroines, put the negro children into an imaginative world of social identification with the whites that is cruelly unlike the real world in which they will have to live. When the colored child reads in his primer b-o y, let it be illustrated by the picture of a negro boy; when he reads g-i-r-l, let the figure on the page be that of a negro girl. By such concrete examples this educator indicated how pedagogically sound it was to provide different text-books for colored schools from those for white. Of course the difference would be far-reaching. In geography, for instance, Africa ought to have a different connotation for a negro child than a white child, for there are to be found the origins of the race to which he belongs. An objection that a negro minister made to me of the school management in his town, that the text-book lists of the negro schools differed from those of the white schools, may have been sound, so far as it concerned the actual method of distinction in vogue; but in the view of this educator, whose faith in the negro people was profound and well defended, such objection would have no force if the difference in the text-book lists were determined according to a rational principle of this sort.

Another means for putting ideals in negro terms before negro children which this same broad-minded Southern educator advocated was the employment of negro teachers, so far as possible, in all negro schools. Already in most Southern States the teachers in the common schools for negroes are colored; but he would have negro instructors in the negro normal schools and colleges. He was strongly of the opinion that the race had already demonstrated its ability to produce men and women of moral and intellectual fibre suitable for such positions. Though the negroes need contact with whites, he believed they would make progress only as they looked up to their own educational leaders. In spite of some discouraging experiences, I saw enough of efficient colored instructors to be persuaded, against my previous judgment, that in this particular, too, he was right. In one negro normal school, for instance, I had occasion to meet a number of instructors, all colored men and women, and observed their methods in the class-room. The experience confirmed all that the head of the industrial school for whites had claimed for them. In another school, an industrial school for colored boys and girls, carried on by colored teachers under a colored principal, I saw evidence, in the alertness and originality of more than one instructor, further confirming the faith in the negro educational leaders of the negro people.

Such methods for emphasizing the distinction between the races in the South, so far from being any compromise

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with sound educational ideas, seemed to me to be in the interest both of a rational educational system and of negro advancement. At the same time such methods eliminate from the educational problem of the South all occasion for race feeling. So far, then, as race feeling enters into the discussion of the future of negro education it is intrusive, out of place, mischievous. To let any controversy about the respective merits of "higher" and "industrial" education resolve itself into a race controversy, as if the advocates of one form of education were the representatives of one race and the advocates of the other form of education were the representatives of the other race, is to commit the sort of blunder from which students of education ought above all others to be free. Advocates of the one sort of education or the other, if they are of belligerent disposition, should be able to find satisfaction in waging the contest as one purely educational.

With a system of schools set apart solely for colored pupils, the educational question, freed from race feeling, becomes this: What sort of schools should they be for the kind of pupils that will attend them? The vast majority of these pupils are poor, and come from surroundings which lack incentive to intelligent thrift and industry.

Among the schools which I visited, those most alert, animated, and encouraging were those in which emphasis was laid on learning things at first hand. To cite a well-known case, Hampton Institute was conspicuous. The poise and vitality in the carriage of the pupils as they walked through the grounds and did their work outdoors and indoors were such as only can be produced by qualities of character. Another case was in its way quite as noteworthy. It was a negro public school in a North Carolina city. By their dignified, elastic bearing, the colored teachers gave at once an impression that ordered activity prevailed here. The children as I passed from one classroom to another were doing their work with a quiet eagerness that betokened a sustained and intelligent interest in it. The sight of them was an eloquent and moving argument for enlightened methods in training of negroes. But when I went to the rooms in which the industrial training was being directed, I felt that I was discovering the source of this school's power. Instead of the familiar slow, lounging movements of negro boys, or the pert, slatternly manners of negro girls, whom one often sees on the streets of Southern towns, here there were deftness, self-control, the clean, strong movements of those who are doing hard things with ease. The stories of what these boys and girls were doing out of school hours showed how much a part of their character their school work had become. Four of the boys, for example, had on their own initiative, improvised a repair shop in the neighborhood of their homes, and in their first week had made $6.20 by putting old furniture and the like in order. The girls were going out on Saturdays, two by two, to prepare and serve luncheons. In one case the girls had succeeded in preparing a meal served to six people, their friends or members of their households, at a total cost of fifty-six cents. From one point of view, a little incident; from another, a great incentive to the establishment of certain fundamental elements of character. Such work as this was done, not at the sacrifice of the study of books, but, according not only to testimony but to the evidence of the whole appearance of the school, to the great promotion of every other branch of school work.

But, together with the great mass of negroes for whom such schools are designed, there come those exceptional boys and girls asking for some training in addition to this. Indeed, if there were no other kinds of schools in the South other kinds would have to be established, if for no other reason than to supply the common schools with teachers. More than that, the very forces that are working for the separation of the races are creating a demand for negro doctors, lawyers, ministers; professional training of one kind and another would call into being colleges and professional schools. Besides all this, those negroes who really and eagerly desire learning for its own sake could not, in a free land, be denied; and if they are to find a way to it in the South

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it must be by colleges for negroes. The so-called "higher education" of the negro is of course only in a technical sense "higher" than that form of education which cultivates in young men and women high qualities of character and adaptability to their environment by other means than the traditional studies of a New England college. Of course much of the ill-repute into which this "higher education" has fallen in the South is due to the fact that too often it has made pretense of being what it is not; but, on the other hand, not only has this pretense been magnified, but the ill-repute has been magnified still more. The tributes to the work done by negro colleges, most of them established by Northerners, which were expressed to me by men of strong Southern traditions, were too numerous to mention in detail. One physician, for instance, whose practice had given him a rare acquaintance with negro life, told me that a negro college established by a Northern religious body in his town had made, to his certain knowledge, a great difference in the intellectual status of the negroes in the region, even down to so elementary a matter as reading and writing. The failures of such colleges as these have become a matter of common report—after the manner of the world; not so, unfortunately, the approval they have elicited. No one that I ever met has, at any rate, ascribed the failures of "higher education" to its merits. The cure for its defects is, like the cure for any defect in education, not its abolition but its improvement.

The one point concerning negro education to which I have never heard expressed any dissent, not even from those whom I have called enemies of education, is that of moral and religious training. If the old-time, picturesque and demoralizing negro emotionalism is passing away or becoming restrained, it is due to educational influences. Of that I could here add instances to those I have heretofore given. There can be no manner of doubt that what the great majority of negroes need in this particular is not religious impulse, but religious and moral education. This becomes very evident when it is possible to read the following sentence, published in a newspaper over a negro bishop's name: "But through His death and resurrection we may commit sins of lying, stealing, Sabbath-breaking, getting drunk, gambling, whoring, murdering, and every species of villainy, and then come to God through our resurrected Christ, and enter heaven in the end." This old divorce of morality from religious emotion the efforts of missionary societies and church schools have been slowly annulling; but it is as futile to leave such moral education to ecclesiastical organizations in the case of the negro in the South as in the case of the white person of the North. This problem is as little distinctively a race problem in one section as another.

In one respect it is simpler in the prevailingly orthodox South than elsewhere in the United States. Fortunately, as it was pointed out to me, there is no such opposition to the explicit introduction of moral and religious education into the public schools in the South as there is in the North. The fact that the negroes in the South, in the main, constitute a child race makes categorical moral instruction in colored public schools defensible there as it would not be elsewhere. In this particular, too, it is clear that the problem of negro education is less a negro problem than an educational problem.

After all, therefore, whether as a problem of industrial education, or of common school education, or of higher education, or of religious and moral education, the educational problem of the South can be rescued from race feeling. It probably is true that race feeling in the South is becoming more rather than less pronounced; but, at the same time, strong and clear eyed men of the South are saying: Within the bounds which protect the integrity of our race we shall let feeling govern; but beyond those bounds we shall set our wits to work at the old problems of government, social order, industry, and education.

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THE MOUNTAINS[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST," "THE BLAZED TRAIL," "THE SILENT PLACES," ETC.

XII.—The Cañon

ONE day we tied our horses to three bushes, and walked on foot two hundred yards. Then we looked down.

It was nearly four thousand feet down. Do you realize how far that is? There was a river meandering through olive-colored forests. It was so distant that it was light green and as narrow as a piece of tape. Here and there were rapids, but so remote that we could not distinguish the motion of them, only the color. The white resembled tiny dabs of cotton wool stuck on the tape. It turned and twisted, following the turns and twists of the cañon. Somehow the level at the bottom resembled less forests and meadows than a heavy and sluggish fluid like molasses flowing between the cañon walls. It emerged from the bend of a sheer cliff ten miles to eastward; it disappeared placidly around the bend of another sheer cliff an equal distance to the westward.

The time was afternoon. As we watched, the shadow of the cañon wall darkened the valley. Whereupon we looked up.

Now the upper air, of which we were dwellers for the moment, was peopled by giants and clear atmosphere and glittering sunlight, flashing like silver and steel and precious stones from the granite domes, peaks, minarets, and palisades of the High Sierras. Solid as they were in reality, in the crispness of this mountain air, under the tangible blue of this mountain sky, they seemed to poise light as so many balloons. Some of them rose sheer, with hardly a fissure; some had flung across their shoulders long trailing pine draperies, fine as fur; others matched mantles of the whitest white against the bluest blue of the sky. Towards the lower country were more pines rising in ridges, like the fur of an animal that has been alarmed.

We dangled our feet over the edge and talked about it. Wes pointed to the upper end where the sluggish lava-like flow of the cañon-bed first came into view.

"That's where we'll camp," said he.

"When?" we asked.

"When we get there," he answered.

For this cañon lies in the heart of the mountains. Those who would visit it have first to get into the country—a matter of over a week. Then they have their choice of three probabilities of destruction.

The first route comprehends two final days of travel at an altitude of about ten thousand feet, where the snow lies in midsummer; where there is no feed, no comfort, and the way is strewn with the bones of horses. This is known as the "Basin Trail." After taking it you prefer the others—until you try them.

The finish of the second route is directly over the summit of a mountain. You climb two thousand feet and then drop down five. The ascent is heart-breaking but safe. The descent is hair-rising and unsafe; no profanity can do justice to it. Out of a pack-train of thirty mules, nine were lost in the course of that five thousand feet. Legend has it that once many years ago certain prospectors took in a Chinese cook. At first the Mongolian bewailed his fate loudly and fluently, but later settled to a single terrified moan that sounded like "tu-ne-mah! tu-ne-mah!" The trail was therefore named the "Tu-ne-mah Trail." It is said that "tu-ne-mah" is the very worst single vituperation of which the Chinese language is capable.

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The third route is called "Hell's Half Mile." It is not misnamed.

Thus like paradise the cañon is guarded; but like paradise it is wondrous in delight. For when you descend you find that the tape-wide trickle of water seen from above has become a river with profound darkling pools and placid stretches and swift dashing rapids; that the dark green sluggish flow in the cañon-bed has disintegrated into a noble forest with great pine-trees, and shaded aisles, and deep dank thickets, and brush openings where the sun is warm and the birds are cheerful, and groves of cottonwoods where all day long softly, like snow, the flakes of cotton float down through the air. Moreover there are meadows, spacious lawns, opening out, closing in, winding here and there through the groves in the manner of spilled naphtha, actually waist high with green feed, sown with flowers like a brocade. Quaint tributary little brooks babble and murmur down through these trees, down through these lawns. A blessed warm sun hums with the joy of innumerable bees. To right hand and to left, in front of you and behind, rising sheer, forbidding, impregnable, the cliffs, mountains, and ranges hem you in. Down the river ten miles you can go; then the gorge closes, the river grows savage, you can only look down the tumbling fierce waters and turn back. Up the river five miles you can go, then interpose the sheer snow-clad cliffs of the Palisades, and them, rising a matter of fourteen thousand feet, you may not cross. You are shut in your paradise as completely as though surrounded by iron bars.

But, too, the world is shut out. The paradise is yours. In it are trout and deer and grouse and bear and lazy happy days. Your horses feed to the fatness of butter. You wander at will in the ample though definite limits of your domain. You lie on your back and examine dispassionately, with an interest entirely detached, the huge cliff-walls of the valley. Days slip by. Really, it needs at least an angel with a flaming sword to force you to move on.

We turned away from our view and addressed ourselves to the task of finding out just when we were going to get there. The first day we bobbed up and over innumerable little ridges of a few hundred feet elevation, crossed several streams, and skirted the wide bowl-like amphitheatre of a basin. The second day we climbed over things and finally ended in a small hanging park named Alpine Meadows, at an elevation of eight thousand five hundred feet. There we rested-over a day, camped under a single pine-tree, with the quick-growing mountain grasses thick about us, a semicircle of mountains on three sides, and the plunge into the cañon on the other. As we needed meat, we spent part of the day on finding a deer. The rest of the time we watched idly for bear.

Bears are great travelers. They will often go twenty miles overnight, apparently for the sheer delight of being on the move. Also are they exceedingly loath to expend unnecessary energy in getting to places, and they hate to go down steep hills. You see, their fore legs are short. Therefore they are skilled in the choice of easy routes through the mountains, and once having made the choice they stick to it until through certain narrow places on the route selected they have worn a trail as smooth as a garden-path. The old prospectors used occasionally to pick out the horse-passes by trusting in general to the bear migrations, and many a well-traveled route of to-day is superimposed over the way-through picked out by old Bruin long ago.

Of such was our own trail. Therefore we kept our rifles at hand and our eyes open for a straggler. But none came, though we baited craftily with portions of our deer. All we gained was a rattlesnake, and he seemed a bit out of place so high np in the air.

Mount Tunemah stood over against us, still twenty-two hundred feet above our elevation. We gazed on it sadly, for directly by its summit, and for five hours beyond, lay our trail, and evil of reputation was that trail beyond all others. The horses, as we bunched them in preparation for the packing, took on a new interest, for it was on the cards that the unpacking at evening would find some missing from the ranks.

"Lily's a goner, sure," said Wes. "I

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don't know how she's got this far except by drunken man's luck. She'll never make the Tunemah."

"And Tunemah himself," pointed out the Tenderfoot, naming his own fool horse; "I see where I start in to walk."

"Sort of a 'morituri te salutamus,'" said I.

We climbed the two thousand two hundred feet, leading our saddle-horses to save their strength. Every twenty feet we rested, breathing heavily of the rarified air. Then at the top of the world we paused on the brink of nothing to tighten cinches, while the cold wind swept by us, the snow glittered in a sunlight become silvery like that of early April, and the giant peaks of the High Sierras lifted into a distance inconceivably remote, as though the horizon had been set back for their accommodation.

To our left lay a windrow of snow such as you will see drifted into a sharp crest across a corner of your yard; only this windrow was twenty feet high and packed solid by the sun, the wind, and the weight of its age. We climbed it and looked over directly into the eye of a round Alpine lake seven or eight hundred feet below. It was an intense cobalt blue, a color to be seen only in these glacial bodies of water, deep and rich as the mantle of a merchant of Tyre. White ice floated in it. The savage fierce granite needles and knife-edges of the mountain crest hemmed it about.

But this was temporizing, and we knew it. The first drop of the trail was so steep that we could flip a pebble to the first level of it, and so rough in its water-and-snow-gouged knuckles of rocks that it seemed that at the first step a horse must necessarily fall end over end. We made it successfully, however, and breathed deep. Even Lily, by a micacle of lucky scrambling, did not even stumble.

"Now she's easy for a little ways," said Wes, "then we'll get busy."

When we "got busy" we took our guns in our hands to preserve them from a fall, and started in. Two more miracles saved Dinkey at two more places. We spent an hour at one spot, and finely built a new trail around it. Six times a minute we held our breaths and stood on tiptoe with anxiety, powerless to help, while the horse did his best. At the especially bad places we checked them off one after another, congratulating ourselves on so much saved as each came across without accident. When there were no bad places, the trail was so extraordinarily steep that we ahead were in constant dread of a horse's falling on us from behind, and our legs did become wearied to incipient paralysis by the constant stiff checking of the descent. Moreover every second or so one of the big loose stones with which the trail was cumbered would be disloged and come bouncing down among us. We dodged and swore; the horses kicked; we all feared for the integrity of our legs. The day was full of an intense nervous strain, an entire absorption in the precise present. We promptly forgot a difficulty as soon as we were by it; we had not time to think of those still ahead. All outside the insistence of the moment was blurred an unimportant, like a specialized focus, so I cannot tell you much about the scenery. The only outside impression we received was that the cañon floor was slowly rising to meet us.

Then strangely enough, as it seemed, we stepped off to level ground.

Our watches said half-past three. We had made five miles in a little under seven hours.

Remained only the crossing of the river. This was no mean task, but we accomplished it lightly, searching out a ford. There were high grasses, and on the other side of them a grove of very tall cottonwoods, clean as a park. First of all we cooked things; then we spread things; then we lay on our backs and smoked things, our hands clasped back of our heads. We cocked ironical eyes at the sheer cliff of old Mount Tunemah, very much as a man would cock his eye at a tiger in a cage.

Already the meat-hawks, the fluffy Canada jays, had found us out, and were prepared to swoop down boldly on whatever offered to their predatory skill. We had nothing for them yet—there were no remains of the lunch—but the fire-irons were out, and ribs of venison were roasting slowly over the coals in preparation

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for the evening meal. Directly opposite, visible through the lattice of the trees, were two huge mountain peaks, part of the wall that shut us in, over against us in a height we had not dared ascribe to the sky itself. By and by the shadow of these mountains rose on the westerly wall. It crept up at first slowly, extinguishing color; afterwards more rapidly as the sun approached the horizon. The sunlight disappeared. A moment's gray intervened, and then the wonderful golden afterglow laid on the peaks its enchantment. Little by little that too faded, until at last, far away, through a rift in the ranks of the giants, but one remained gilded by the glory of a dream that continued with it after the others. Heretofore it had seemed to us an insignificant peak, apparently overtopped by many, but by this token we knew it to be the highest of them all.

Then ensued another pause, as though to give the invisible scene-shifter time to accomplish his work, followed by a shower of evening coolness, that seemed to sift through the trees like a soft and gentle rain. We ate again by the flicker of the fire, dabbing a trifle uncertainly at the food, wondering at the distant mountain on which the Day had made its final stand, shrinking a little before the stealthy dark that flowed down the cañon in the manner of a heavy smoke.

In the notch between the two huge mountains blazed a star—accurately in the notch, like the front sight of a rifle sighted into the marvelous depths of space. Then the moon rose.

First we knew of it when it touched the crest of our two mountains. The night has strange effects on the hills. A moment before they had menaced black and sullen against the sky, but at the touch of the moon their very substance seemed to dissolve, leaving in the upper atmosphere the airiest, most nebulous, fragile, ghostly simulacrums of themselves you could imagine in the realms of fairy-land. They seemed actually to float, to poise like cloud-shapes about to dissolve. And against them were cast the inky silhouettes of three fir-trees in the shadow near at hand.

Down over the stones rolled the river, crying out to us with the voices of old accustomed friends in another wilderness. The winds rustled.

Rangoon

By Elizabeth Washburn

THE night swooned upon the sea. There were stars above—fat dabs of yellow butter that melted greasily across a field of black. Below the ship Sirsa panted heavily and lunged at the long levels of languorous sea. A little wheel perched on her rail behind sang a song and watched the log-rope slice the sea as smoothly as a sharp knife cutting cheese.

The boat was empty, old, and two battered lanterns hanging on the deck held steady orange flames that never wavered. The deck beyond these lights was of a shining blackness. The Sirsa hailed from Mogi in Japan and was making a tramp's trip to Burma and Chittagong. The northeast monsoon had met her coming down the China coast, and the China Sea had leapt with playful glee upon her decks, had poked her roughly in the ribs and had twisted sharply each separate beam in her ancient hulk.

Perforce she entered Singapore with a wheeze and a cough and a tremulous unsteady beating of the heart. There she drew breath and wiped the sweat of exhaustion from her wide white face, coaled dutifully and turned a patient course up the smiling meadow lands of the wide Indian seas. Slowly she lumbered through the shining waters, murmuring plaintively, with sighs and little catches of the breath. Old she was in knowledge, old in memories of the sea, and age lay heavily in every creaking timber of her frame and on the well worn woodwork of her gloomy cabins.

Silence spread to every corner of the boat. Black men in muslins stepped like cats and polished ceaselessly the

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ancient brasses of the low saloon. Once at twilight a shrill laugh rang from the deep shelter of the after-deck—and the Sirsa whispered mystery, and caution. Twice at midnight a vagrant wharf cat shipped at Singapore shrieked through the empty cabins. Followed on the third a swish of draperies, the swift patter of naked feet, a strangled groan, and while the boat held a breath of horror—a clear splash at her bows.

The lascars fell upon their knees at sunset, faced the blatant brassy horror sinking in the blue and moved mute lips to Mecca. Shrilly, mournfully, their voices broke in chorus over the empty sea, while a much patched heavy sail bellied into place, bloused for a moment fitfully—then fell limp.

On the black night there rose out of the sea a light that bobbed, sank and circled again. It spoke of other life—a link perhaps, to jostling crowds and steaming streets and honest noises of the day. The pulses in the Sirsa quickened, and the aimless babble falling from her lips of a sudden ceased. The nameless shadows slinking on her decks crept once more to the unknown chasms of her gloomy hull.

There was movement, a brisk pattering of feet throughout the boat. The light hovering about the night drew nearer, showed at last the anchored outlines of the pilot boat that marked the unseen entrance of the wide-lipped leering Irrawaddy to the sea.

The dawn came heralding with pennants of flowering peach. The ingoing tide rushing past the Sirsa ran up her helm in ripples of delicate rose. The early morning glistened with dews, with gossamer veils of shimmering silver that spread above the land and sea, and span a trembling web across the upturned ugly face of Rangoon resting on the river bank.

Slow boats slipped softly up the stream and others still slept on with quiet gurglings at their anchors. A craning swan-like craft with high carved beak and outstretched wings swept swiftly out to sea with rows of naked brownmen bending sharply at the oars. Sampans rocked on the rising tide and a gentle stir and stretching from sleep ran up and down the crimson running river.

A bird gushed suddenly a wonderous liquid song from the low mist-covered shores. Following came a gentle breeze that rent the fine silver tissues, rippled the stream and showed very naked and ugly a low flat-lying town. With the breath came a faint fine echo of bells—languorous, pausing tones of silver. Then emerging from the mists and standing high above the level of brown earth gleamed a bell shaped divinely pointing thing of gold, that quivered dizzily for a moment then dimmed behind a bank of mist.

Next the sun leapt into the day and struck upon the senses like the sudden crash of metal cymbals. The mists curled instantly and vanished, the shadows withered under foot and a bare white light trimmed like a knife the ugly outlines of Rangoon.

Mind and body cry aloud for shelter in the town. The sun hangs so low—perches in the very branches of the dust-streaked trees. It is appalling, and the soul whimpers at the nearness, the bald intrusion.

Huge ravens, hoarse and sooty, tumble from the low-browed roofs and straddle in the roads. The hot air never lifts, and registers with terrible distinctness each separate sound. Mad native ponies tear over the hard roads with ceaseless bump and rattle of their gharry-wheels.

Slow, incessant pulleys lift cargoes in mid-air and drop them with an aching grind and grate of chains into the yawning bodies of ships.

Murmurs swell from far and near. The broken chant of laden natives padding to the waiting row of boats. The distant thud of falling timber from the teak yards up the river. The tear and rip of saws. The thud and jar of elephants thundering about the yards and the drop of mammoth logs of even piles.

Again are other tones. The bubbling speech of oil-smeared black-backed Tamils swarming down the roads. The shrill laughter of flower crowned Burman girls. The tread and tramp and shuffle of khakied English soldiers. The cries of venders, the pipings, the mutterings,

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the sighing of a multitude of brown-skinned creatures of the sun.

As the day drones on sounds sink away, and cease, and Rancoon lies smothered beneath the heavy blanket of her heat. All creatures creep to shelter. Only the crows croak on, and a restless pony under the pitiful shade of a dust-steeped tree neighs loudly to be off.

At sunset comes a staggering forth of creatures seeking air. The gharry ponies tear once more over the ash white roads—over miles of roads with ever a flat border of brown low houses and a lazy surging down the center of many hues—black legs, white robes, brown loins with twists of red, and changing waves of pink and green and fresh corn yellow.

This crowd, men and women, drones and drawls and slips along in great good humor, bare-headed and unshod. Between their pouting lips cheroots as thick around as walking sticks and half as long.

The Burmese women wear wreaths of jassmine in their hair and fragrant frangipani stuck behind their ears. They laugh, and smoke their huge cigars, flirt gay scarfs, and wink with wicked eyes on all the world. They dress in little coats of pea-pod green and pink of rose-geranium, in cherry-red and cowslips opening in the spring. They look like garden posies beside the sooty jewel-laden Tamil women, who wear scant draperies and bear great jars of brass upon their heads. Other men and women are in this crowd venders of sweets and fruits with round red trays of lacquer balanced on their heads. And many others.

All this time the sun still sticks above the level of the roofs—a sick distorted thing showing blood-red and swollen through the rising dust. It turns the trees a varnished brilliant green, the red park roads to copper, the purple hedges of bougainvillae an artificial staring pink, and the faces of the little lakes to rippling brass.

Yet it is passing—and tired creatures sitting limply on a bench, clasp their knees and praise its going. Others again throw themselves upon the hot stiff grass and venture to uncover.

Carriages, gharries, the bleached white life of Rancoon-town draws silently to this one green spot. Watches the color marvels spreading in the sky, and sees their faithful copies in the little upturned mirrors of the lakes, and wonder upon wonder notes near at hand that sacred looming shape of gold, that gleams in the deeply flushing sky like the gold in the heart of a perfect full-blown lotus.

The gloaming draws about it and lesser pinacles of gold shoot sudden little flames. Again the dusky ravens rise and fall like flakes of soot against the gold and rose—and from the sacred grove comes the heavenly, halting tinkle of a little bell.

And then—and then—two mammoth plaster-bodied, paint-streaked dragon dogs with lashing golden tails and glaring eyeballs call a sudden halt. Between them leads a path of sloping steps worn to smoothness by the passage of naked feet climbing through the centuries. This slow dim going upwards is banked on either side by open booths, piled with cheap red lacquer, with grotesque plaster beasts, with rows of tiny tapers and strings of little tinkling bells. Roses are massed in heaps, and chains of jassmine buds and withered marigolds.

Laughing girls shake nosegays in your face. Naked babies crawl between your feet. Lepers whine and long-robed ivory-colored priests mumble at your elbow. Still the broken steps lead up and up, and the way behind shows deep and dim. And breaking all about you is a babbling and fanning and stirring of life that wakes and sleeps and has its being in this strange half-lighted tunnel.

There comes a sudden widening and a hush—and in the growing dusk a golden vision breaks upon your sight. A pointing finger of gold, a heaven-leaping flame rises in the path before you. A grove of bell-tipped towers, of tiny golden temples ring around it under mighty spreading trees.

Buddhas sit within these golden shelters, and their broad bland faces are lighted by the twinkling of a thousand tapers. Priests kneel before them in straight hanging robes of saffron and burnt-orange. They bow their shaven

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heads and chant aloud, hold by one thumb a string of polished beads, and between clasped palms a flickering lighted taper.

Round girls in little coats of rose and cherry-red, shrill in high key, and hang about the thick gold neck of Buddha chains of jassmine buds. Naked babies at their side crouch on fat brown knees and lisp in little whispers, while their round eyes follow fearfully the slinking outline of a pariah dog creeping to an unwatched altar.

Dusky ravens topple from the tree-tops. Lepers, cripples, cringe upon the pavement, blind men stretch out begging cups for alms. The air stirs softly, scented with incense fumes and fragrant gums, with jassmine and frangapani and the fading sweetness of the flower-piled altars. Candles at every side flare and drip and sink in pools of perfumed melting wax. And ever is the sudden gentle clamor of countless little bells stirring in a breeze.

In this sacred orchard sit hundreds of silent Buddhas of gold, of bronze, of shining alabaster. New and gleaming like bright mirrors, or tarnished and defaced and patched with squares of gold leaf by the patient fingers of the faithful. Some sit with half-closed eyes dreaming of the infinite, others gaze steadily with wide sight stamped upon their vision, and others again lie in heavy trances with rising waves of incense fanning at their nostrils.

Everywhere the Midas-touch is present. The sacred trees are rubbed and flecked with sheets of precious gold, and seated in the great roots bursting through the tiles is Buddha golden and serene.

Wide temples rise at every turn carved deep in gold-red lacquer, and Buddhas in long rows sit smiling on their thrones. Shining balls of glass and tinsel hang from the low-browed eaves. Bowls of rice and sweets, bronze jars of incense, boxes packed with tiny leaves of gold, and fading wreathes of roses are heaped upon their altars. Priests kneel and bend and pray in noisy monotone. The murmurs from the countless shrines rise and fall in gentle undulations. Prayers break and drip from lips, beads slip through faithful fingers, and ever present are the echoing prayers of countless generations gone before.

The great trees lifting through the pavement have spread for ages shade upon this golden company, have softly stirred above the tiny temples, the peaked pagodas, and the tinkling bell-tipped towers. Through the slit palm leaves the sunset swims in final glory. Far below the circling wall lies Rangoon dim and hazy, with gray mist-covered fields between. Gold dust quivers thickly in the sunset in the air.

Then surging notes of bronze swell and sink upon the evening air—swell and sink and sound again—and peace ineffable swoons upon the sacred hillside.

The dying sun glows, grows for one brief moment fiercely carmine, casts a radiance celestial beneath the spreading trees, fires each tiny spire and point, and pinnacle, illumines as with holy wine the noble lifting body in the center.

The golden ones upon their thrones glow with heavenly meaning. Patience sublime and knowledge born of ages flash across their golden brows—and peace unutterable and sudden understanding follow the lifting of their golden palms.

The light drops. Slowly and wondrously the silver moon sails supreme above the earth. A cold blue light creeps through the moving branches, steals down the darkening ways, and bathes the sacred grove in floods of silver.

The wind rustles in the palms, shakes the slender bodies of a thousand little flames. The chanting priests pray on with upward-pointing palms, the tiny tapers tremble skywards and in their midst that mightiest highest leaping flame burns steadily towards heaven.

Tinkle—tinkle—a last shower of sound in the tree-tops.

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The Historical Fiction of Mr. Churchill

By Albert Elmer Hancock

MR. CHURCHILL is recognized to-day, and very justly, as the most notable writer in America of historical fiction. He has been called, moreover, a disciple of the master who wrote an easy discursive style, painted accurate pictures of English society, scorned the artificial mazes of plot and counterplot, injected a wise and amiably caustic personality into his work, and who, above all, created vitally human commonplace characters. His greatest book is a novel without a hero. Mr. Churchill strives after some of Thackeray's virtues creditably—his discursive style, his subjection of plot, his broad comprehensive canvases; but in one regard he departs from the model diametrically. The central figure of his stories is either a precocious youth or a prodigy. In his last book, "The Crossing,"[1] David Ritchie—financier at the age of eleven and husband of a vicomtesse at thirty—is a superhuman prodigy. The wisdom of Solomon, the craft of Ulysses, the physical dexterity of Daniel Boone, when compounded in a stripling, produce, not a human being, but a phantasm of the fancy.

The motive for this indulgence in extravagance is undoubtedly modesty. Mr. Churchill knows that he is not Thackeray, that he cannot invest the commonplace with an absorbing interest as the master does with Dobbin, Pendennis, Clive Newcome; and so, in default of this phase of genius, he searches the crannies of invention and the memoirs of distinguished men for the unusual trait and the histrionic adventure. And not content with this, to hold the popular attention, he introduces his heroes into distinguished company—Fox, Paul Jones, Lincoln, Grant, Jackson, Clark—in order that the luster of their prestige may increase the attractiveness of the tale.

These are admirable devices to sell books to the multitude; yet, too great a dependence on them for effect is an unconscious confession of a lack of the first and highest faculty of a great novelist—the faculty to *create* human characters. This lack is the chief defect of Mr. Churchill's work, as it is the chief defect of our latter-day school of historical fiction, which, to speak frankly, is a mutilation, at best a transcription, of biography.

But Mr. Churchill is read and enjoyed, not for his limitations, but for his merits, and these are eminent. He is thoroughly American in his ambition, his enterprise and his readiness to grapple and conquer the stupenduous. He knows that the genius of the American people is too complex, too multifarious in its manifestations, to be epitomized in a single character or a single career. The great American novel will never be written until the millions accept a single type as their exponent. As yet, Silas Lapham, Colonel Carter, and Huckleberry Finn are local ideals, and New York still finds no virtue in Chicago. Mr. Churchill realizes this, and, instead of trying to picture American life in one book, as Fielding pictured the eighteenth century of England in "Tom Jones," or Thackeray the early nineteenth in "Vanity Fair," he has projected a series of novels, each dealing with some dramatic period in which the national spirit expanded into a fuller and deeper expression of the American instinct. "Richard Carvel" gave us the impulse for independence, "The Crisis" the struggle for unity, "The Crossing" the spectacle of the advance of the Americans under the westward star of empire toward the Mississippi, justifying their land hunger by their need and their might. And I doubt not, as the other volumes appear, that we shall have presented to us other moments of national expression and racial expansion; so that, at the end, we shall have a library of American historical fiction, planned from the attitude of a

[1] *The Crossing*. By Winston Churchill. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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philosopher, executed with an eye on the significant, and making a prose epic of American history, whose hero is a race.

Balzac, in the Human Comedy, studied the social organism as the zoologist studies the animal kingdom. He took note of the diverse and variant species of men and localized them in their environment. In a similar way, evidently, Mr. Churchill is endeavoring to chronicle the abiding unfolding spirit of a people as it seizes and adjusts itself to the opportunities of time. Both schemes, the one practically accomplished, the other in the process, are scientific in conception and stupendous in range. And right here it may be said and emphasized that, whatever may be urged in detraction of Mr. Churchill's work as a creative artist, this much cannot be denied, that he has attained, at least he is attaining, a firm grip on the vital details of a nation's growth. The mere historian records the fact; this novelist is perceiving the heart throb of the life, of which the fact is the spiritless record. Americans love big things; they are proud of accomplishment; they are interested in the deeds of their progenitors. These are the real reasons why Mr. Churchill is read by the million.

And now let us consider for a moment his quality as an artist. His very deficiencies in this regard will give a clear idea of this fundamental merit of epic sweep and movement. Some of his reviewers have declared that he is resourcefully artistic, particularly in his last book, and by this they mean, doubtless, that he keeps his personages in motion, revealing their characteristic traits by speech, action and bits of stage business such as an inartistic psychologist would translate into stupid painstaking analysis. This is true. But, though some of it is done with a fine touch and much is very clever, most of it is mediocre. In matters of sentiment he seldom moves the feelings deeply. His humor never really makes you laugh; his pathos never makes you really grieve. One can read "The Crossing" from cover to cover without much stirring of the emotions at the vicisitudes of the hero. The interest is in the sense of the large epic movement, which, after all, is too broad and too detached for great concern for the individual. It is the interest of Olympus, not for Hector, but for the destiny of Troy. In this regard he is as remote from Thackeray in temperament as it is possible to be. You read "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes," and unless you are hard-hearted, you will have to bite your lips to restrain the tears or jeer them away by a forcing of the will. You are concerned with Laura and Arthur Pendennis, with Ethel Newcome and the Colonel—they are your dear blood relatives in distress—and you don't care a pippin for that English society or its ultimate development. With Mr. Churchill the reverse is the case, usually. Once in a while he comes near striking home, yet, if you examine the main drift, the undercurrent of his author's impulse, you will discern that it is not his purpose "to purge the passions" by comedy or tragedy. He holds your attention by scenes and events, not men. Richard Carvel, Stephen Brice, David Ritchie, as they pass through their zigzag careers of adventure, fighting lords in Vauxhall, carrying messages to Lincoln, or courting French refugees in Louisiana, are, when you rate them in the due proportion of their significance, mere supernumeraries—shifters of scenes. The protagonist of the drama is the all-conquering genius of a people, and the real dramatic action is the strain and the struggle and the achievement in liberty, territory, and solidarity.

It has required a mind of originality and far-reaching power to accomplish this with any degree of adequacy. When you deal with gods or zeitgeists or collective heroes, it is difficult to avoid vague abstractions and rhetorical bombast. Schiller succeeded in William Tell, where Goethe failed dramatically in the second part of Faust. In his own modest way, on a lower level, Mr. Churchill is succeeding admirably in his attempt to delineate "a collective hero." He is getting his result indirectly, which is the same as saying artistically. He brings his puppets and his actually historical leaders on the stage and starts them a-doing. These give concreteness

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to the eye. Yet at the same time he is making another appeal to the imagination and the racial instinct—an appeal which conjures up militant spirits out of the vasty deep of the past, and which displays the birth pangs and the violent transformations of a people.

For this, primarily, it seems to me, he is entitled to the praise of a notable writer. But when you isolate any fragment of his work, you cannot judiciously apply to it any superlative adjective. Always measurably successful with any particular incident, he seldom handles any supremely well. He never strikes the lost chord as Thackeray struck it with Colonel Newcome's *adsum*, as Dickens struck it when Sidney Carton mounted the guillotine, as Hardy struck it with Tess at Stonehenge. In matters of detail, of ultimate distinction, chapter by chapter, even many of Mr. Churchill's contemporaries are his superiors. But in the reach and grasp of panoramic effects, vibrant with the march of national evolution, and charged with the electric energy that resists and overcomes, he is easily the chief. To put it in another way, his strength lies not in the clear-cut figures of the foreground, but in the immense suggestiveness of the background.

"The Crossing" has been called "bravely romantic." It is so; and for that reason it seems to me less impressive than either of its predecessors. David Ritchie is too smart—too incredibly smart—to catch hold of the affections. He is like some of our modern caricatures, with the body of a brownie and the head of a giant. The Greek term for the misfortune is *megalo-cephilitis*. The author tries to save him from vanity by making him repeatedly protest ignorance of his own cleverness. But, like the lady in Hamlet's play, he protests too much and makes one doubt his sincerity. Either he has a *dæmon* like Socrates, or else he is the manikin of a ventriloquist. He is not conceivably a boy.

Helène de St. Gré, companion to Marie Antoinette, refugee to Louisiana, convert to democracy, and very homely, unless her miniature belies her, is David's romantic fate. Yellow fever brings them together. Of course, even after the death of her aristocrat husband, there remains the chasm of the noble strain. She leaps that lightly with the convenient argument that "in America every man is a king." The backwoodsman and the court wit are married, and, it is to be presumed, the rest of their lives is a glad sweet song. All this extravagance is harmless in its way, and it will be liked by those readers who like that sort of thing. For the judicious person this manifestly unreal vein of romanticism jars distressingly with the fundamental seriousness and impressiveness of the book which, essentially, is a tale of brawn and courage and indomitable energy.

It was easier to forget these "living pictures" of romance than the historic episodes. The attack on Charleston, the fights with the Indians on the Dark and Bloody Ground, the descent on Kaskaskia, the march through the wilderness, the capture of Vincennes and of Hamilton, the Hair Buyer, the passage down the Mississippi in a flatboat, the picture of Creole New Orleans, these are the impressions that abide; for they have the ring and color of the genuine.

There is another reason why this novel is less absorbing than the others. Mr. Churchill's success is largely dependent, as already intimated. on his background. The opportunity here, excluding the creative imagination, is not so big with latent possibility. Perhaps, realizing this, the author has increased and stressed the romantic element. In "Richard Carvel" the figures and events were of import to the world. In "The Crisis" the decade was full of thunderbolts and fratricidal passion; no era of time was ever more dynamically intense. In "The Crossing," however, the men and events are less momentous. Sevier and Clark belong to the footnotes of history. They fought skirmishes, not battles, and so, without doing injustice to their nerve or their bravery, they may be ranked among the men of minor importance. The record of their achievements stirs no such enthusiasm as the portentous spectacles of the Revolution and the Civil War. The mass effect of "The Crossing," then, which comes from the dignity of the subject, is inferior in power.

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Line and Color in French Art[1]

THE French Academy, while deriving profit from the exertions of French engravers, had always refused to acknowledge their art as equal to painting and sculpture. Yet eighteenth century engraving was a great art, as Lady Dilke shows. Her sumptuous volume is notable, first, on account of the selection of her subjects. Only those artists who represented special tendencies are chosen—Caylus, Mariette, Cochin, Drevet, Wille, Gravelot. These are described in excellent and concise manner. Secondly, the volume is notable because of its illustration. Only those examples have been selected, apparently, which could be given their full size. Lady Dilke carries her work to the time when no schemes such as have had hitherto satisfied men could longer prevail in any domain of art. The intolerable limitations which had been placed on French art really prevailed until a clear note was struck by the leaders of the Romantic movement. It is true that some of the classical aspects of pictorial art were worthy of the attention and efforts of the men of talent a hundred years ago and more, but from their efforts we turn with relief to the new spirit which entered into the souls of certain large-minded men who meant to depict human life as such. We turn especially to the man who, beyond all others, marks the change from eighteenth to nineteenth century linear art. Jean François Millet made etching monumental in its appeal to the heart and soul of man. Even from a purely technical standpoint he has left plates which are perhaps more remarkable than anything since Rembrandt. Millet's reproduction of figures and scenes were so exact that, as Mrs. van Rensselaer says, we see them just as he saw them. That means that we see them, not only with their perfectly protrayed outward form, but with a spiritual suggestiveness not to be found in any work of the eighteenth century. Other Frenchmen may have shown greater grace and charm in etching than did Millet, but it is, we think, safe to say, that no one ever showed greater feeling and force.

In painting, the eighteenth century in France opened with a phalanx of artists all dominated by the pomposity of Louis XIV.'s LeBrun. From this, Watteau was the deliverer. He satisfied the furtive yearnings for beauty and for the picturesque. At the same time he introduced a technique of composition, perspective, foreshortening, color, lightness of touch, illumination, alike admirable. Even better known than Watteau is Greuze, an artist of far smaller calibre. If Mr. Staley has done much to define Watteau's place in art, the same may be said of Mr. Armitage's "Greuze." Like Hogarth and Wilkie in England, Greuze showed how difficult it is for a man to be a preacher or story-writer on canvas and at the same time an artist of the first rank. This is particularly true of Greuze, whose figures, as Mr. Armitage justly says, pose before the spectator: "They gesticulate and overdo their parts like barn-stormers." Yet Greuze's genre pictures, and especially certain delicious heads of boys and girls, have long been favorites. In the elucidation of French painting, a more interesting volume still is that by the late Mr. Henley. His many admirers will be glad to have his views on art published in such a model book as to size, binding, paper, and print. It might be expected that an English critic's views on English artists would be more notable and more interesting than his appreciations of Frenchmen; but we find the latter more notable. In truth, Mr. Henley seems more

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[1] *French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIII Century.* By Lady Dilke. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Watteau. By Edgcumbe Staley, B. A., The Macmillan Company, New York.
Watteau. By Edgcumbe Staley, B. A. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters), The Macmillan Company, New York.
Greuze. By Harold Armitage. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Views and Reviews. By W. E. Henley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Jean François Millet. By Edgcumbe Staley, B. A. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Millet as an Etcher. By Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer and Frederick Keppel. F. Keppel & Co., New York.
The French Impressionists. 1860-1900. By Camille Mauclair. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Art in the Nineteenth Century. By Charles Waldstein. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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of a Gaul than of an Anglo-Saxon. Certainly he seems quite as much at home on the continent as in England. His manner in writing reminds one rather of French than of English critics. His book is chiefly valuable, in our opinion, because it is a description of romanticism in French art, the age of Constant Troyon, Théodore Rousseau. While the practice of those great artists of the past—Claude, the Poussins—had been dignity of style, lucidity in expression, reticence and elevation of sentiment, these had now been abused so that classicism, at the beginning of the Romantic Age, "lay on the arts line, not a bloom but a blight."

Romanticism in France was largely an importation from England and Germany; but, as regards the elements of youth, a return to truth and nature, an intolerance of restraint, a greediness for emotion, it was no importation. Of this the inspiration was native. As to style, so great is its eternizing influence that we can agree with Mr. Henley's words: "If all save their technical achievement were forgotten, the men of 1830 would still be remembered as great artists." We are apt to think of such artists as Michel, Decamps, David, Ingres, Géricault, and Delacroix, as representative of the 1830 school rather than those who died at a later day—say of Rousseau, who died in 1867, of Corot and Millet, who died in 1875, of Diaz, who died in 1876, of Daubigny, who died in 1878, of Meissonier who died in 1891, of Jacque, who died in 1894. Most readers will agree with Mr. Henley, however, that the most perfect of all the results of Romanticism is the art of Corot. Corot's career began when classic conventions were full of decay, but when, as yet, the forerunners of Romanticism were only groping their way towards new ideals. His task it was to unite the best tendencies of both the new school and the old. The basis of Corot's art is a knowledge of reality as sound as it is rich. "In the artistic completeness of his formula he stands with Claude; in the freshness and novelty of his material, with Constable." Dr. Waldstein points out that the Frenchmen fully acknowledged the encouragement, enthusiasm, and direction which they received from the study of Constable, yet in Corot there is much that is not Constable and much that is not Claude. There is Corot himself; "in his most careless work," adds Mr. Henley, "there is always art, and there is always quality—a strain of elegance, a thrill of style, a hint of the unseen, while at his best he is not only the consummate painter, he is also the most charming of poets."

"Millet's real teachers," says Mr. Henley, "were the old masters in the Louvre, especially Correggio, Nicolas Poussin, and Michelangelo." Millet's earlier pictures are frankly and naïvely sensuous. Not until he went to Barbizon did he become the epic painter of rusticity. Mr. Staley avers that Millet early fixed his eye upon the canvases of Ribera, whose luminous figures detach themselves from dark backgrounds. Here, in this biographer's opinion, was undoubtedly the groundwork for the *art rustique*. Some of Millet's Barbizon friends were his friends in ante-Barbizon days. In the early Paris life, Millet lived in the Rue de la Rouche-Chouet; in the same street lived Diaz, Tourneux, and Jacque, while close at hand were Troyon and Lacoste. Diaz told Jacque about Barbizon, and then Jacque told Millet, and took the last-named thither. What a caravansary of artists thenceforth messed at *le père* Ganne's in the Fountainbleau forest—Hugues Martin, Louis Lefroy, Barye, Boulanger, Decamps, Diaz, Ziem, Théodore Rousseau, Millet. To them came later the Americans—W. H. Low, W. H. Hunt, Wyatt Eaton. These, too, learned to appreciate, in Millet's words, "the calm and the silence which are so sweet . . . and the marvelous poetry of toiling humanity." Millet became, as Dr. Waldstein says,

> the artist of peasant life in the fields, combining in his pictures all the charm, all the living intensity of observation of the landscape as he saw it, with the beauty and the poetry of man as he lives and toils and rests among the fields and their vegetation.

These phrases define Millet's art as well. More than any other, he was the interpreter of the sadness and pathos and dignity and splendor of toil. Through him French art now learned to

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free itself from grandiloquence and pose. Millet is the most striking example of a man who could preach a sermon and yet be an artist of the first rank. The effect of his work was at once plastic and ethical.

After Millet came the deluge of impressionism. The origin of this name is due to a picture by Claude Monet entitled "Impressions" exhibited in the so-called "Salon des Refusés" in 1863. along with other works of Manet, Monet and their school, refused by the Salon jury of the great Salon, but shown in a room at the command of no less a personage than Napoleon III., some of whose actions, like this, it must be admitted, were both liberal and praiseworthy. M. Mauclair explains what most of us know little about, the technique of impressionism—the division of tones, the complementary colors, and the study of atmosphere, hence his book has signal value. It will have more picturesque popularity, however, by reason of the discussion which follows concerning those who would tear down all barriers that separate actual life from art, Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, Cézanne, Berthe Morisot, and finally, the American Mary Cassatt, whom M. Mauclair reckons with the French painters, because her work was done in France. M. Mauclair is enthusiastic concerning the canvasses of our country-woman. He declares that she is perhaps the contemporary artist who has expressed the life of children with greatest originality and he adds that, so far as broad execution, brilliancy and delicacy of tones are concerned, some of her pastels are as good as those by Manet and Degas. M. Mauclair also gives us a timely chapter on the modern illustrators connected with impressionism, Raffaëlli, Toulouse-Lautrec, Forain, and Chéret. We even have a chapter on Neo-impressionism as shown in the works of Gauguin, Denis, and Rysselberghe, who have pushed still further the chromatic principles which inspired the earlier impressionists and their followers.

Monet, Manet, and their followers were protestants against the limitations of method which still lay about the painter's technique. They introduced new and strange modes, which those who first beheld their pictures could hardly comprehend. They showed, each in his individual way, an absorption in atmosphere and actuality. But none of them indicated the unity of artistic spirit as did Bastien Lepage. Dr. Waldstein, whose criticisms are always acute, does a service not only to painting in general, but to American appreciators of painting in particular, in thus distinguishing a picture which is one of the chief treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City:

> Take the manner in which Bastien Lepage deals with the story of Joan of Arc. He does not present this heroine in armor on a prancing steed, amid a host of mediæval mercenaries, or in the heat of battle; but he paints a French peasant girl, in a French peasant garden, with the poor cottage in the background. The landscape in which she is placed conveys to the eyes of the spectator, convincingly, the physical and the spiritual atmosphere of the country home and the life of the peasant girl as only a modern landscape can. And then he places within this landscape, in the foreground, the remarkable picture of a girl, the woman, of the soil. . . . In the face, in the eyes, and in every feature, he imparts the story of a great and potent imagination, wide and lofty as the skies, yet cramped within the walls of the cottage and the laborious fields of the farm. The expression is that of supreme exaltation, of a trance-like vision, the vision itself made clear to the spectator by the shadowy picture floating in the air of the girl herself arrayed in full armor. The whole story is told, and told, moreover, *pictorially*, not only by the actual objects and details of the girl and her vision, but by the mysterious gray tone, luminous withal; by the colors themselves, and the way they are applied; and the lines and the forms. . . . All these means converge into artistic unity, preparing and intensifying directly, through the senses themselves, the emotional mood corresponding to the clear facts which the painter's story conveys to the intellect. This class of work, I maintain, is an achievement of the nineteenth century.

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Recent Books About Russia[1]

OF the many books about Russia that have appeared since the outbreak of the war with Japan, none compares in point of compactness and exhaustiveness with Mr. Geoffrey Drage's "Russian Affairs." Unlike the majority of similar publications of recent date, this volume, so far from bearing the hallmarks of opportunism, is obviously the product of years of painstaking research, and it is not too much to say that it is an indispensable work of reference to English-speaking students of the political and economic conditions of the Russia of to-day. Mr. Drage, who collates much information hitherto left untouched by English writers, has submitted all phases of his subject to a microscopic examination; and, while his book is not lacking in generalizations that concern both causes and effects, the generalizing is based, as all generalization worthy of the name must be, upon statistics that have been carefully tested by the various devices known to the skilled analyst. In the case of Russia, as has been generally supposed and is conclusively shown by this investigator, analysts tread upon especially delicate ground, since even official figures, which would ordinarily prove a chief fount of knowledge, too frequently reflect illusion. A resolute refusal to accept the shadow for the substance; a consistent deployment not alone of conclusions but of the statistics whence these conclusions are derived, and of the methods whereby the statistics themselves have been tried, and an evident ability to probe to ultimate causes, are features investing this work with a value that cannot lightly be estimated, and entitling it to a respectful hearing.

Roughly stated, Mr. Drage's final judgment is, that Russia, through bureaucratic misrule and corruption, has been plunged into a slough from which she can only be raised by radical economic and political changes; and that the condition in which she now finds herself, one that tends to become more aggravated by a constantly increasing draft upon her internal resources to further the ambitious projects of those who guide her destinies, constitutes a standing menace, not merely to the integrity of the Empire, but to the peace of the world. Seldom have we seen a more pitiless and searching examination of Russian ideals, or a more startling, yet withal moderately stated, exposition of the misery these ideals have inflicted, and are inflicting in ever heavier measure, upon the mass of the subjects of the Czar. Russophobe though he undoubtedly is, Mr. Drage approaches his task from all sides, and discusses Russian "affairs" well nigh in their entirety. Opening with an "Introduction" in the way of a brief survey of the land and the people, and short sketches of the reigns and policies of the three Alexanders and the two Nicholases, the preliminary chapter is devoted to a scrutiny of Russian ambitions as exemplified by the Pan-slavist and Narodniki movements, and to pen pictures of leading figures on the stage of Russian national activity—Pobiednostseff, Tolstoy, Uchtomsky, de Witte, de Pleve, Bezobrazoff and Kuropatkin. Here we are given an initial glimpse of the deadening results of "Russification," whereby the outlying and more progressive provinces of the Empire, in touch with the civilization detested by Russian jingoism, are reduced to the uniform inertia of central Russia. The next four chapters are devoted to agriculture, industry, commerce, and finance, respectively, and are remarkably alike for the quantity and variety of the facts assembled, and for the brilliant treatment of these facts. Of the four, a particular interest attaches to that dealing with finance. Mr. Drage is at small pains to disguise his impatience with the methods prevailing in the handling of the Russian budget, which,

[1] *Russian Affairs.* By Geoffrey Drage. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness. By Wolf von Schierbrand, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Russia. As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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together with the whole Russian financial system, is analyzed and criticised with a lucidity and logic apparently irrefutable by the most dexterous of Russophile advocates. A chapter on the history, agriculture, industry, commerce, government, and political condition of Poland, Finland, and the Baltic provinces, is succeeded by a luminous and characteristically exhaustive study of the present status of Russian dependencies in northern and central Asia, with especial reference to the points of contact and clash of Russian and British interests. Like the Hon. W. D. Foulke, whose "Slav or Saxon" was recently issued in a new edition, Mr. Drage regards as a by no means remote contingency the possibility of a world-shaking struggle to determine whether the civilization of the Slav or that of the Saxon shall be the civilization of the future; he, therefore, examines at some length the Russian advance in the direction of Great Britain's keystone of empire in Asia-India. To instructive sketches of the long-vexed Afghan and Chinese frontier questions—including a statement from the English standpoint on the present mission to Tibet—he adds a discussion of the various problems involved in the threatening supremacy of Russia in Persia and the Persian Gulf, and concludes the main body of his work with a chapter surveying the present relations of the Bear and the Lion to the different countries of Europe, as well as of Asia, and outlining the course which he would have Great Britain pursue.

"The object of the present volume," he observes, as his work draws near its close, "has been to try and present to the public, which decides, and to the statesmen, who guide, the destinies of Great Britain the materials for forming a judgment on the momentous issues which must sooner or later arise.

"History repeats itself, and in many respects the present crisis might remind the onlooker of the time when all Greece was on the tiptoe of excitement at the prospect of a conflict between her leading cities. But whether such a conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and Slavonic nations is now in prospect or not, the causes are there, and the pretexts are not far to seek. If these causes are to be minimized, if these pretexts are to be removed, it can only be by means of a clear policy, definitely stated in its broad outlines to our colonies, our allies, and the world, and definitely explained in its details, from day to day and from week to week, as occasion requires, to those great public servants by whom the posts of our consular, diplomatic, and colonial services are so worthily filled."

A great difficulty in accepting this alarmist view in its entirety—altogether apart from reflections induced by the present spectacle in the Far East—is afforded by a consideration of the facts concerning Russia's internal condition so ably marshaled by Mr. Drage himself. While not adopting the extreme position taken by Dr. Von Schierbrand, who in his new book, "Russia: Her Strength and Her Weakness," contends that the empire is "on the road to national perdition," Mr. Drage's picture cannot be called conducive to inspiring fear in peoples antagonistic to Slavonic methods and Slavonic civilization. His object, doubtless, is to exhibit in unmistakeable detail what may be expected by all who fall under the Russian yoke; but at the same time he would seem to indicate with equal clarity reasons for believing that natural causes alone will operate to crown with failure Mouravieff's proud prophecy: "I believe that Russia has a civilizing mission such as no other people in the world, not only in Asia, but also in Europe. . . . We Russians bear upon our shoulders the New Age; we come to relieve the 'tired men.'" It is well to observe, however, that Mr. Drage, apparently anticipating this objection, hastens to meet it by insisting that, "alike in her political and economic condition, the recuperative power of Russia is astounding." We may agree with this, yet with equal force hold that, provided conditions be as he depicts them, and as the statistics he submits prove them to be, recuperation must now mean a complete change, the extinction of the bureaucracy so unreservedly condemned by him, and with its extinction a cessation of the policy of territorial aggrandizement at the expense of internal welfare. Nor, as he himself allows us to perceive, are

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there wanting signs that the "civilizers" of the "New Age" have pushed well-nigh to the limit of endurance the overtaxed and underfed millions who have involuntarily contributed to the progress of the ambitious programme.

Dr. Von Schierbrand, whose conclusions agree in the main with those reached by Mr. Drage respecting the economic conditions treated by both, is outspoken in his belief that Russia has been a greatly overrated force. "By the sheer reason of her bulk Russia is accounted one of the greatest world powers;" "Russia is invulnerable only in one narrow, definite sense—in the sense of her unwieldiness;" "They show a standard of life very far below that in any other country of Europe, not even excluding Turkey;" "There is, in fact, every evidence to show that the Russian, individually and collectively, is not made of that stern stuff out of which is fashioned the conqueror," are phrases indicative of the writer's viewpoint. He covers much of the ground explored by Mr. Drage, and, like the latter, assembles figures to prove that the country is tottering on the brink of insolvency, chiefly by reason of a fiscal policy that robs the soil in order to upbuild hothouse industries doomed to wither and die so soon as governmental irrigation is withdrawn; that the policy of "Russification" is indubitably inimical to the real interests of the Russian people themselves; and that only through far-reaching reforms, including the abolition of the "mir," or communal system of land tenure, and the enlargement of the functions of the "zemstva," or provincial chambers, with the eradication of bureaucracy, can the Empire hope to be established upon a really sound foundation. The monograph is written throughout in a lively vein and an entertaining style, and should prove a useful little handbook.

"Russia as Seen and Described by Famous Writers" is the title of yet another recent volume treating of the land of the Romanovs. A compilation by Esther Singleton, a companion to "Japan," it contains much that is really informative, especially in regard to the art, literature, music, and social customs and manners of Russia. Somewhat largely titled, its contents are at any rate culled from writers who know how to be interesting, and the book as a whole reflects credit on its compiler. Among those called upon to contribute their impressions are Prince Kropotkin, Jean Jacques Reclus, Théophile Gautier, W. R. Morfill, Fred Barnaby, Harry de Windt, Antonio Gallenga, H. Sutherland Edwards, the Countess of Galloway, and Lady Verney, the last named being the author of a shrewdly observative paper on "Rural Life in Russia." The volume closes with a statistical survey of present conditions.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Arithmetic Made Easy for Teachers and Pupils. By Mabel A. Marsh. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 134 pages. 60c., net.

Art of Extempore Speaking without MS. or Notes; or, How to Attain Fluency of Speech. By Harold Ford, M.A., LL.B., B.C.L. (Second American Edition.) The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5×7½ in. 120 pages. 75c., net.

Banking Publicity: A Manual on the Art of Advertising the Business of Financial Institutions. By Francis R. Morison. The Moody Publishing Co., New York. 6½×9½ in. 164 pages.

Barclays of New York (The): Who They Are and Who They are Not—and Some Other Barclays. By R. Burnham Moffat. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 7×9½ in. 474 pages. $5.

Bible and the Church (The): An Essay Towards Faith. By Rev. Willard G. Davenport. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 4×6¼ in. 78 pages. 50c., net.

Challoners (The). By E. F. Benson. The J. B Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×7¾ in. 345 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Benson has here more of a serious purpose and less of surface smartness than in some of his stories. His main theme is the absolute need of individual character and independent action. He pictures the anguish of a saintly, and at heart, affectionate clergyman who is a Philistine as regards art, literature, and imagination, when his

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son becomes a professional musician and a Roman Catholic, and his daughter marries an agnostic. The merit of the novel is that this situation is not treated roughly or with excessive emotion, but finely and with real feeling. The play of circumstance upon character, of temperament upon prejudice, and of Puritanism upon æstheticism, is subtly and truthfully worked out.

Commercial French: In Two Parts. By W. Mansfield Poole, M.A., and Michel Becker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. $1.50 per set, net.

Commercial German: In Two Parts. By Gustav Hein and Michel Becker. Part I. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 271 pages. $1, net.

Connectives of English Speech. By James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 324 pages. $1.50, net.

The plan is, we believe, entirely a new one. It includes exposition of the correct use of prepositions, conjunctions, relative pronouns, and adverbs. It is needless to point out that in the proper application of these little words lies a large part of good grammatical usage. Mr. Fernald not only explains clearly and in an admirably arranged method the correct usage, but illustrates it copiously by hundreds of quotations from writers of recognized authority.

Copyright Cases and Decisions: A Summary of Leading American Decisions on the Law of Copyright and on Literary Property, from 1891 to 1903, together with the Text of the United States Copyright Statute, and a Selection of Recent Copyright Decisions of the Courts of Great Britain and Canada. Compiled by Arthur S. Hamlin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 237 pages. $2, net.

Decadence of Preaching (The): An Indictment and a Remedy. By Harold Ford, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5×7¼ in. 75 pages. 75c., net.

A brief plea for the restoration of the sermon to the chief place in the service of the English Church. Incidentally, especially with regard to the great value of extempore address, a pungent essay on the nature of preaching.

Democratie en Nouvelle-Zélande (La). By André Siegfried. Armand Colin, Paris, France. 4½×7½ in. 361 pages.

M. Siegfried writes as a student and an eye-witness. His book is marked by its judiciously critical tone. To sum up his various conclusions, which he omits to do, the reform measures of New Zealand, though their prospects are bright, have not yet stood the test of time or of a change of ministry. He finds the legislation wanting most in a firm basis of principle, conviction, and carefully reasoned opinion (*les principes, les convictions, et les opinions raisonnées*). An intensely practical people, they care little for theory. If the immediate results are good, they do not ask for more. At the same time the thought that the eyes of the world are upon them stimulates to the boldest experiment. M. Siegfried uses the word "democratic" to characterize the policy of the Seddon Ministry, reserving "socialism" for larger, more pretentious measures than those current in New Zealand. Its democracy is untouched by republicanism: "It would be difficult to find a single republican in all New Zealand." Society with its "*snobisme*" stands in curious contrast with the democratic rigor of political life. New Zealand represents the social life of old England quickened by the wine of a new political spirit. M. Siegfried's style is clear-cut, with many telling and refreshing touches. This latent humor is especially apparent in the chapters on "Snobisme" and "Le Mouvement Féministe."

English Garner (An): A Re-Issue in 12 Volumes of Professor Arber's Ingatherings from English History and Literature. Elizabethan Sonnets. In 2 vols. Introduction by Sidney Lee. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. Per vol. $1.25.

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Essentials of Composition and Rhetoric (The). By A. Howry Espenshade, M.A. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 387 pages. $1.

Exiles of Eternity: An Exposition of Dante's Inferno. By Rev. John S. Carroll, M.A. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 6×9¼ in. 510 pages. $3, net.

Dante's great poem is as full of a mysterious symbolism as the Revelation of St. John, and so is, like that, uninviting to matter-of-fact readers. A man of his time, he abounds in references to the history of his time, and these also are as obscure as his symbolism is, except to those who are versed in historical lore. But Dante, as "the poet of righteousness" in a time of moral anarchy, has a claim on modern attention that should not remain thus obscured. Mr. Carroll accordingly undertakes, in the interest of a large class of thoughtful readers, rather than for scholars, to elucidate the ethical teaching of the great Florentine by an exposition of that section of his work whose terrific pictures have most impressed the popular imagination. Following through its cantos in succession, and illuminating its thronging references to contemporary personages and events, he dispels, on the one hand, the popular impression that the poet revels without purpose in picturing meaningless torments of the men he hated; on the other hand, he discloses through the haze of the poet's mysticism "the plain, broad highway of morality and religion," with the thorn-hedge that lines it—"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In so doing Mr. Carroll has Dante's own warrant—"The aim of the whole and of the part is to remove those living in this life from a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness." Not without reason is the great poet and reformer of the thirteenth century an object of increasing interest now, for in this century, as in that, momentous changes are setting in, and a new casuistry is needed for further development of the eternal principles of right. Mr. Carroll is an amply qualified expositor of Dante, and has performed a valuable service for the class of readers he has in mind.

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Faith and Morals. By Wilhelm Herrmann, D.D. Translated from the German by Donald Matheson, M.A., and Robert W. Stewart, M.A., B.Sc. (Crown Theological Library.) Vol. VI. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 415 pages. $1.25, net.

The great merit and strength of the vigorous and growing school of theology headed by Albrecht Ritschl is its insistence on the supreme value of the moral and spiritual elements of religion. In the line followed by this volume all who are true to Luther's idea of Faith will find themselves in full accord with the author, however dissenting from Ritschlianism elsewhere. His two addresses presented here expose the antipodal opposition between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic conceptions of faith and morals in their inseparable connection. It is a trumpet call for the return to the first principles of Protestantism of those who have strayed or backslidden. Many of these Dr. Herrmann finds among German Protestants, and he could find them here also. "Multitudes, both of opponents and adherents of Christianity, find themselves at one in the idea that our faith consists in holding for true doctrines and narratives offered us with divine authority, and thenceforth depending upon them. But if there were really no other kind of faith in Christendom, there would be no Protestant Christianity." As to morals, it is safe to say that few Protestants are aware of the fundamental opposition here demonstrated between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic conception. This is shown with a calm but searching thoroughness that constitutes a terrible arraignment of a theory and practice fatal to genuine morality. As a setting forth of the distinctive truths of Protestantism, this is a book to be consulted by all who value their Protestantism sufficiently to endeavor to understand its basic principles. The work is effectively completed by a critique of the replies made by Roman Catholic theologians to Dr. Herrmann's strictures on the moral teaching of their church. The task of the translators has been admirably performed.

Gedichte. By George Sylvester Viereck. With an Appreciation by Ludwig Lewisohn, A.M. Brentano's, New York. 5½×8 in. 54 pages.

Geometry: An Elementary Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Euclid. By S. O. Andrew, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 182 pages. 60c., net.

Glimpses Into Paradise. By Rev. Septimus Herbert, M.A. James Finch & Co., London. 5×7½ in. 330 pages.

Grammaire Francaise: For the Use of the Middle Class in Schools. By W. Mansfield Poole, M.A., and Michel Becker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 152 pages. 60c., net.

Heart of the Orient (The). By Michael Meyers Shoemaker. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 416 pages. $2.50, net.

A prosaic account of travels through northern Persia and Turkestan, during which the author visited Teheran, Bokhara the Noble, Samarkand, the Vale of Paradise, and the ruins of ancient Rages, saw the Shah of Persia at close range, and became much impressed with the dirtiness of the towns and the discomforts of travel in this historic region.

Historical Tales: The Romance of Reality. By Charles Morris. Illustrated. (Second Series.) The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 358 pages.

Well-told narratives of historical American incident for school and home reading—Ponce de Leon, John Smith, La Salle, Patrick Henry, Eli Whitney, and Andrew Jackson are among the heroes. Most of the stories in this volume relate to Southern episodes, and *all* of the eight or nine which have to do with the Civil War tell of Confederate heroes and heroic deeds.

Household Bacteriology: Part I. and II. Prepared by S. Maria Elliott. Illustrated. American School of Household Economics, Chicago, Ill. 5×8 in. Paper bound. 50c. each.

A simple, clear, and well illustrated account of germ-life in dust and molds of the bacteria of disease, and of the principles of sanitation. Test questions and brief biographies are added. We commend these booklets to all housekeepers who would have a scientific knowledge of the things they daily deal with.

Impending Crisis; or, Prosperity Analyzed (The). By George Whichello. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 129 pages. $1.

In Search of the Unknown. By Robert W. Chambers. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 286 pages. $1.50.

A series of stories, lightly strung together, of love and impossible adventure. Humor and vivacity characterize them all. A good book to read aloud by the camp fire, or on a rainy day at the seaside.

Intermediate French Grammar: With Outlines of Historical Accidence. By G. H. Clarke, M. A. and L. R. Tanquerey, B. ès L. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1, net.

Is the World in Need of a New Revelation? A Discourse by Andrew W. Madison, A.M. Published by the Author, New York. 4¾×6¾ in. 54 pages. 20c.

Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than four hundred scholars and specialists, under the direction of the following editorial board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D., Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D., Richard Gottheil, Ph.D., Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D., Joseph Jacobs, B.A., Kaufmann Kohler, Ph.D., Herman Rosenthal, Solomon Schechter, M.A., Litt.D., Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Crawford H. Toy, D.D., LL.D., Isaac K. Funk, D.D., LL.D., Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A., William Popper, M.A., Ph.D., and others. Vol. VII. Italy-Leon. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7½×11 in. 684 pages. $6.

Those who have followed our notices of this splendid work, in which every thing of historical or literary value in relation to the ancient and modern life of the Jewish people finds place, will need little information concerning the volume just published beyond mention of a few prominent articles. Among these the forty pages devoted to Jerusalem are most conspicuous, accompanied as they

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are, beside other illustrations, with a large panoramic view of the city, and, what is especially valuable, five maps, exhibiting the location of its chief buildings at four different periods of its history, and the topographical characteristics of the underlying strata. Eight Old Testament books and the Epistle of James form the subjects of as many articles. The critical view of the eight accords in the main with the consensus of scholarly opinion. Fourteen pages are given to Jesus, with the conclusion that the great historical movement to which he gave rise could have proceeded only from a great personality. Six pages are devoted to the Judaeo-German, *i. e.*, Yiddish, language and literature, now emerging from prejudice. The biographical sketches in this volume attest the eminence which Jews have achieved in every sort of career. It is a curious fact that of the forty-two most distinguished chess-players of our time nineteen are Jews.

Life and Letters of H. Taine 1853–1870. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 330 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

McKinley Carnations of Memory. By Angie F. Newman. Illustrated. Published by the Author, 1724 L Street, Lincoln, Neb. 5×8 in. 72 pages. $1.

Maria Edgeworth. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (English Men of Letters). The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 220 pages. 75c., net.

A delightful, informal biography, preferable, we think, for most readers, to Mr. Hare's large and elaborate work, and even to Miss Zimmern's excellent little book. Miss Edgeworth was a simple person, and she passed an essentially simple though extremely interesting life. It is easy, therefore, for a sympathetic and discriminating biographer to tell all that is desirable in brief space. Miss Lawless certainly has these qualities; she writes in a humorous vein when that is appropriate—and the personal history and foibles of Miss Edgeworth's father form a truly humorous background to the early life of the author of "Castle Rackrent" and "The Parent's Assistant;" and elsewhere with appreciation of Miss Edgeworth's gentle, cheerful, and helpful character. Few books of recent publication afford a pleasanter hour's reading than this volume. There are quotations from many of Miss Edgeworth's letters not before printed, and their vivacity and geniality are most attractive. We copy, as a literary curiosity, one of the most heinous instances of the split infinitive ever perpetrated—"to, as has been more picturesquely worded, sell our souls for pence."

Motor Pirate (The). By G. Sidney Paternoster. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 261 pages. $1.50.

An ingenious, fantastic tale of a modern pirate who discovers a new motive force, applies it to a piratical automobile, and robs on the highway. A little sense of humor in the book might have saved it from the penny-dreadful class.

Notable Libel Case (A): The Criminal Prosecution of Theodore Lyman, Jr., by Daniel Webster in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, November Term 1828. By Josiah H. Benton, Jr. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston, Mass. 6×9½ in. 117 pages. $3.50.

Office of Justice of the Peace in England (The): Its Origin and Development. By Charles Austin Beard, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science.) The Columbia University Press (Macmillan Co.), New York. 6×9½ in. 184 pages. $1.50.

Phonographic Amanuensis (The). By Jerome B. Howard. The Phonographic Institute Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. 4¾×7 in. 216 pages.

Poems. By Eugene Barry. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 158 pages. $1.

Primer of Philosophy (A). By A. S. Rappoport, Ph.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 118 pages. 30c., net.

Principia of Oratory (The). By Harold Ford, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L. (Third Edition.) The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 5×7¼ in. 64 pages. 50c., net.

Recognition After Death: What Does the Bible Say? By the Rev. Septimus Herbert, M.A. James Finch & Co., London, England. 5½×7 in. 38 pages.

Red Branch Crests (The): Déirdre, Mève, Cuchulain. By Charles Leonard Moore. Published by the Author, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 270 pages.

Roman Claims in the Light of History. By Rev. William Peoples, M.A. E. S. Gorham, New York. 4×6½ in. 105 pages. 40c.

Rose of Old St. Louis (The). By Mary Dillon. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 460 pages. $1.50.

A historical romance of the time of the Louisiana Purchase, with plenty of good history, and, what is more important, plenty of delightful romance. The book will please any one who likes a good story of love and adventure with no bloodsheld, and unvexed by problems or the splitting of psychological hairs.

Sociology of a New York City Block (The). By Thomas Jesse Jones, B.D., Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in Political Science.) Vol. XXI. The Columbia University Press (Macmillan Co.), New York. 6×9½ in. 133 pages. $1.

Seagulls and Other Poems (The). By Enid Welsford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 84 pages. $1, net.

Tariff (The): A Review of the Tariff Legislation of the United States from 1812 to 1896. By William McKinley. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 266 pages. $1.75.

A new edition of an essay on the tariff, written by Mr. McKinley in 1896. It includes a history of the protective system as well as a strong presentation of the protection argument. One would like to have with it Mr. McKinley's last public speech, in which he urged the adoption of reciprocity treaties.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Transportation Problem

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am impressed with the editorial in your issue of July 9, entitled "The Railroad Problem," and while I am just retiring from an experience of nearly thirty years in dealing with railroad rates of the United States, I feel it a duty which I owe to the transportation interests of the country to call your attention to the very unfair impression your editorial and your correspondent in the same issue create.

It is true—to my own mind indisputable—that the consumer pays the freight. It is the great public that ought to be interested in the question. As to the coal carrying roads and their rates, I have nothing to say, except that they can probably defend the rates they charge; but I want to deny most emphatically the statement you make that "the orange growers of California have been compelled, during the last season, to leave their oranges rotting on the ground because of the freight charges."

Many years ago very low rates were established on oranges in carloads from Southern California to all eastern points; the rate was $1.25 per 100 pounds from Los Angeles and vicinity to St. Louis, Chicago, and all points in the United States east of these two points, including Jacksonville, Florida, Portland, Maine, and all intermediate points. This rate, when established, did not pay, but was made to encourage an infant industry. No other branch of agriculture has paid better the last ten years than the orange groves of California. That industry has grown from nothing to shipping over 25,000 cars of oranges per annum, and the rate of freight has never been changed. It is still considered low by those best posted in the cost of service. Refrigerator cars of a special type are necessary. They cost nearly fifty per cent. more and weigh nearly fifty per cent. more than the ordinary box car. Many months of the year they are idle for want of business, but when the season is on they have to be moved so rapidly that, westbound, they are moved without being loaded, while eastbound, in addition to their own excessive weight, it is necessary, if the weather is warm, to carry several tons of ice, all of which adds to the cost of the service. I have personally had to do with this orange rate. I have met the California orange shipper, personally and in meeting assembled, and I do not believe that any reasonable California citrus fruit man thinks there is more profit in the transportation tax that is imposed on them than there ought to be. I believe myself the rate is reasonable. It is true California orange growers had a bad season. I believe they would have had a bad year if the freight rate had been one-half what it is. Their trouble was primarily selling competition. Seventy-five per cent. of the growers were combined in a joint selling agency, but the other twenty-five per cent. of the producers did not believe in the combine, and there was war between the two interests, those in the combination and those out, and the result was disaster. Second, it was an exceedingly cold winter. I was in Boston myself in December and visited the large fruit auction houses of the Boston and Maine Railroad, which were full of fine fruit. The weather was so severe that good oranges were not selling at even $1 per box. Why? Because nearly seventy per cent. of the oranges sold in Boston, New York and other large cities are sold to Italian street venders, and they were out of the market, fearing if they purchased the fruit it would freeze on their hands.

Possibly the country would be better off if the rate-making power was in the hands of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; but in view of the fact that rates in this country average lower by 33⅓ per cent. than anywhere else in the world, and in view of the fact that the railroad labor of the United States is paid approximately fifty per cent. more than anywhere else in the world, ought we not felicitate ourselves on what we have accomplished? In my opinion, the story of American advancement is the story of American transportation. Government ownership of railways is the worst thing that could happen to us. It would soon result in a big political machine, and it is very easy to see the disaster that would follow. The National Highway Railroad advocated by Mr. Coombs and others might be of some advantage to large shippers who had the capital to avail themselves of it, but I believe that the more it is investigated the less desirable it will be found. I hold to the general doctrine that the Government itself cannot continuously do anything as economically as private capital, and that this is very much emphasized by a comparison of American freight rates with rates prevailing where Government ownership prevails.

PAUL MORTON.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway,
Second Vice-President's Office.

[This letter from Mr. Morton, now Secretary of Commerce and Labor, but, when this letter was written, the Second Vice-President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway System, emphasizes the position of The Outlook that there ought to be some-

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body like the Inter-State Railroad Commission, invested with judicial power to investigate and determine authoritatively what are fair transportation rates. That is not a question which The Outlook is competent to decide, and it did not mean to accuse the railroads of charging an excessive freight rate on oranges. It used the fact that the oranges could not be marketed in the East because of the expense of transportation—such at least is the general impression in Southern California—to illustrate the necessity for somebody competent and empowered to decide the question at issue between the fruit growers and the fruit carriers. We agree with Mr. Morton in disapproving of Government ownership of railways, and think the National Highway Railroad advocated by Mr. Coombs is not to be seriously considered until the experiment of intrusting the Inter-State Commerce Commission with power to regulate rates by judicial decree has been given a fair trial.—THE EDITORS.]

The Appointment of Mr. Byrne

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I would like to ask what good reason can be suggested for the appointment of William M. Byrne as assistant United States Attorney in southern New York. The Outlook did not approve of this man Byrne a few months ago. Byrne means the worst type of the Addicks politician. Theodore Roosevelt stands among the young men of America for the high ideal. But President Roosevelt swallows Addicks and all his friends. Should I vote for Roosevelt and swallow them too? W.

[If one bad appointment is sufficient reason for voting against a candidate for an important executive position, you must vote against all candidates, for there is no man who does not sometimes make mistakes. We think that under the circumstances the appointment of Mr. Byrne was a mistake, despite the two reasons for it which have been frankly avowed; first, the President's confidence in Mr. Byrne's ability to fill the office; second, the valuable service Mr. Byrne rendered the Administration in certain difficult negotiations involved in the settlement of the friar land problem in the Philippines.—THE EDITORS.]

You Would Better Read the Constitution

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your comment upon the decision of Judge Speer, with respect to the chain-gang in Georgia, is wide of the mark. The real question in the case is, whether a police justice can exercise summary jurisdiction in the punishment of petty offences, or whether, under the Constitution of the United States, every offender against good order is entitled to a jury trial. I have not seen the opinion of Judge Speer, and do not know upon what grounds he claims the right to interfere, by *habeas corpus*, with the administration of the police court system of the State of Georgia. Certainly such an interference would not be tolerated in any of our northern communities. In every one of our large cities in the north, police magistrates hear and dispose of hundreds of cases every year, without a jury, and no one questions the propriety of such action. To impose upon the community the burden and expense of jury trials to convict offenders who have been guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, or other such petty misconduct, would be most intolerable. Quick and sure punishment for these offences is the only way to guard society against them. Experience has shown that police magistrates, as a rule, do administer justice swiftly and impartially, and there is certainly nothing in the Constitution of the United States which requires a jury to sit in the trial of every drunken rowdy who is arrested for disturbing the public peace. It may be that the chain-gang system is not good, although it is hard to see how the condition of the convict would be improved by shutting him up indoors in the company of the same vile creatures who contaminate him out of doors. It seems to me that outdoor work is much to be preferred. If the prisoners in our northern jails and penitentiaries could be provided with work in the open air, or upon the public highways, a great improvement would be made over conditions now existing. But, however that may be, prison methods in Georgia must be settled by the people of Georgia. It is not for a Federal judge to interfere with the local administrations of a police court system, upon the ground that every petty offender against police regulations is to have a trial by jury. Such a requirement would put the community at the mercy of petty criminals, and the result would be to compel the people to take the law into their own hands, and protect themselves in a summary way. No better method of administering justice to offenders against municipal regulations has ever been found than through the medium of level-headed police magistrates, sitting without a jury. W. P. P.

Paris, Maine.

[Our correspondent would have shown greater discretion if he had read Judge Speer's decision before criticising it. The United States Constitution explicitly provides that no person shall be held to answer for an "infamous crime" except on presentment or indictment by a grand jury, and that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall be entitled to jury trial. Judge Speer's decision makes it perfectly clear, by a survey of previous decisions of the courts, that any offense to which the law attaches an infamous penalty is an "infamous crime." Any offense punishable by imprisonment in a State's prison or a penitentiary at hard labor is an infamous crime; to such punishment no man can be condemned in any State of the Union except after trial by jury, if he demands such trial.—THE EDITORS.]

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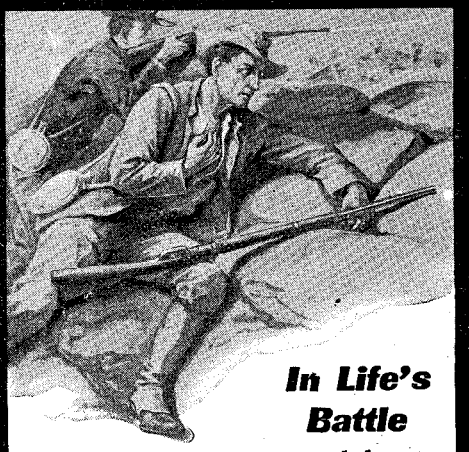

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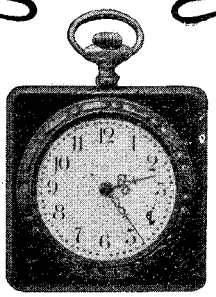

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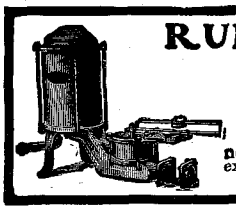

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